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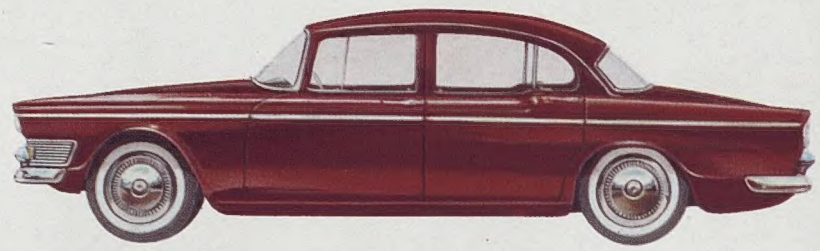

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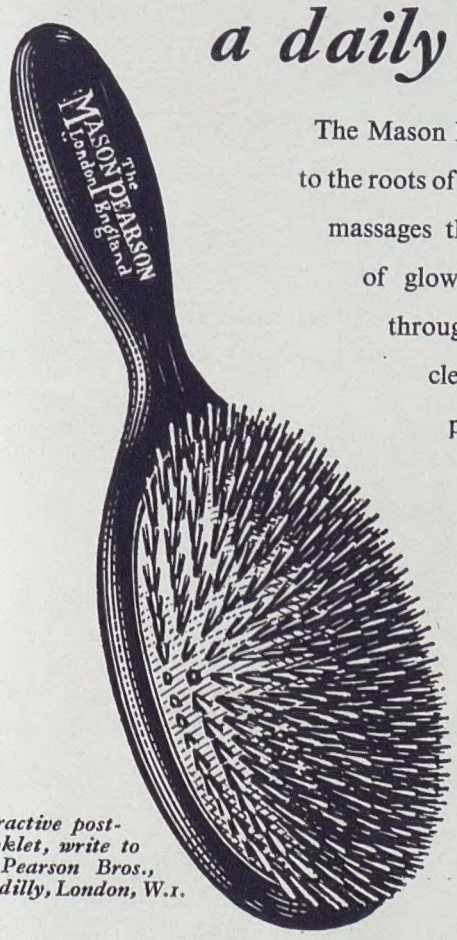

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Volume CCLIII No. 3289 LONDON, June 15, 1963

THE SPHERE

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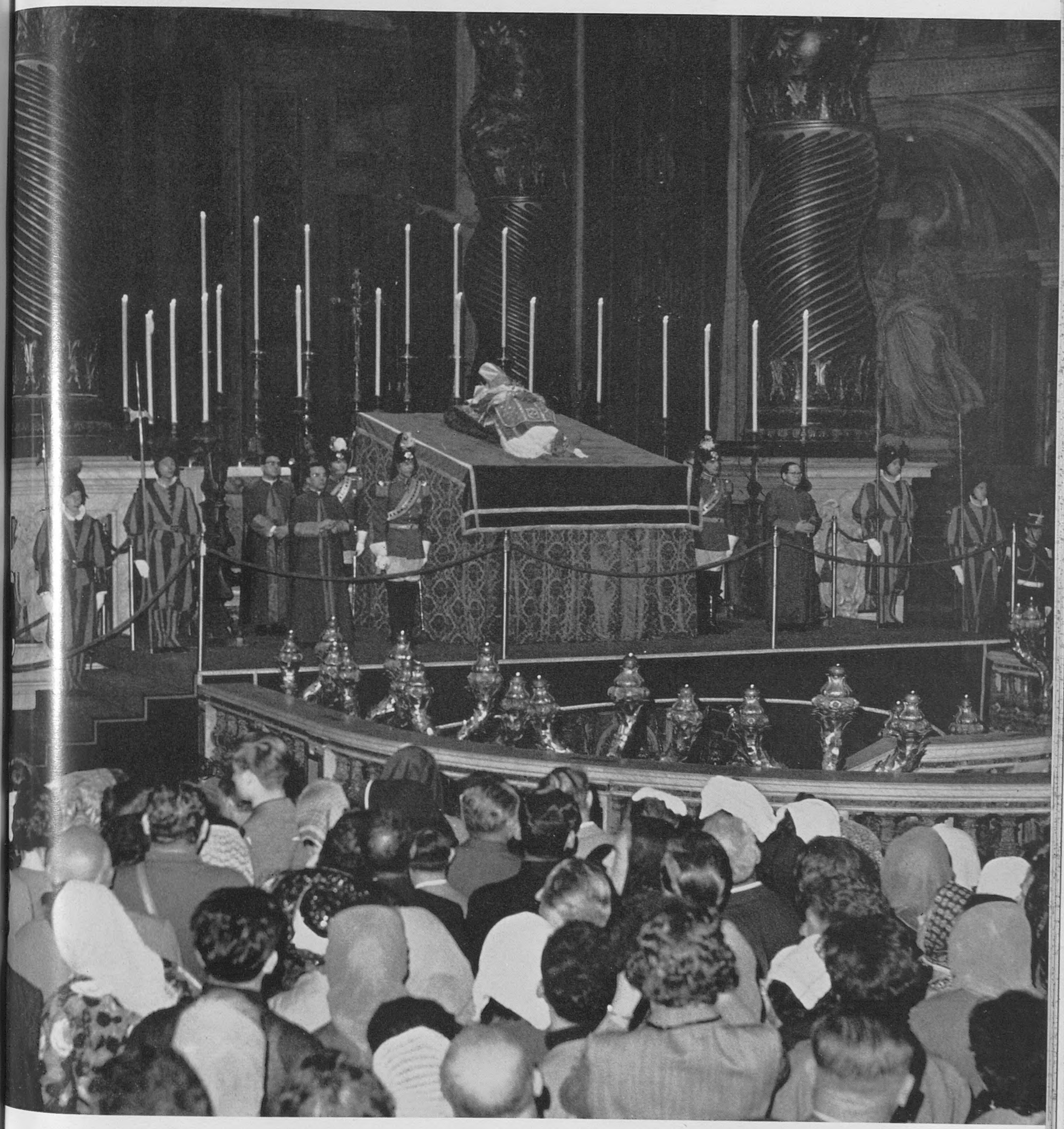


Files of mourners paying their last respects pass the body of Pope John XXIII lying in state on a sloping catafalque in St Peter's, Rome. When the doors of the Basilica were opened for the public to take its farewell of the late Pope some 10,000 people were waiting to enter. See also following pages 396-397

HOMAGE TO POPE JOHN

HOMAGE TO POPE JOHN

The body of Pope John XXIII is carried in procession through the densely crowded St Peter's Square in Rome to the obsequies in the Basilica of St Peter

Members of the College of Cardinals watch as the Pope's body is borne into St Peter's. The Conclave of Cardinals to elect a new Pope starts on June 20

During the public part of the funeral service. In accordance with his wishes, the Pope's burial was private

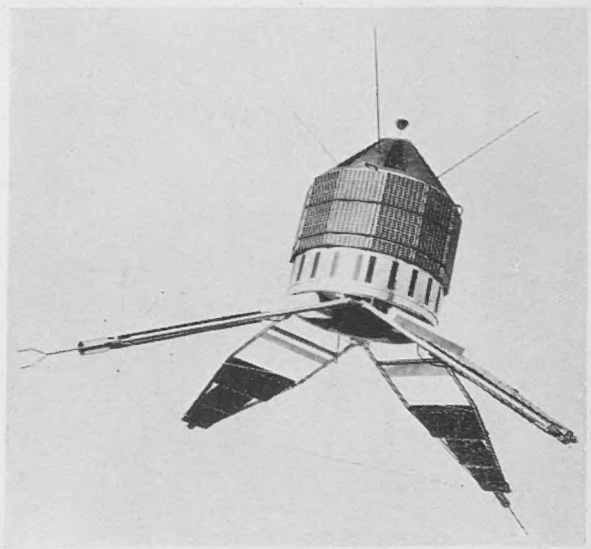
The sister and brothers of the Pope

A very long queue outside St Peter's waiting to file past the catafalque

Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral on the day of the funeral

(See also pages 410-411)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

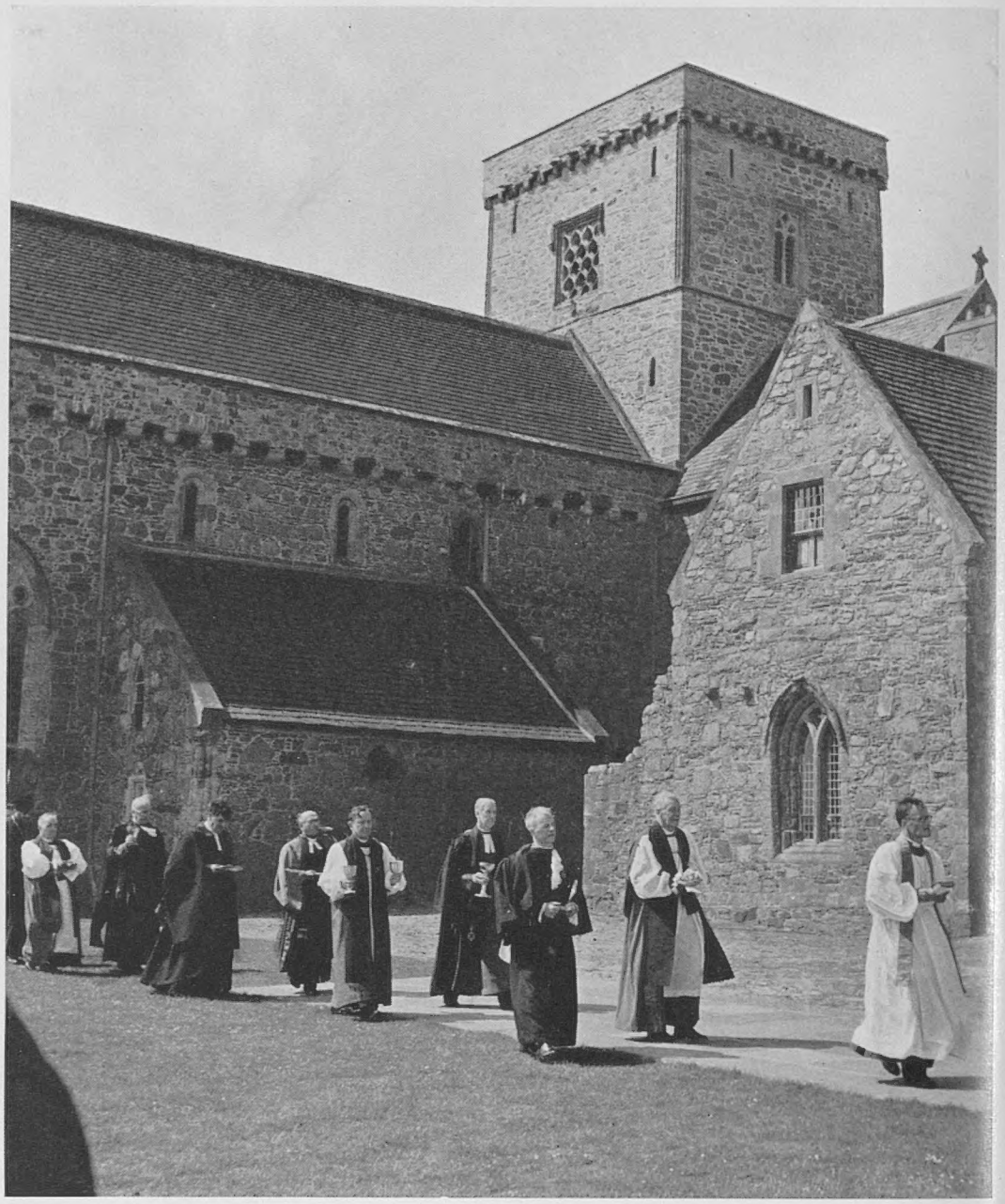


First all-British Satellite—UK3

A model of the earth satellite for which a contract has been placed by the Government with the British Aircraft Corporation's guided weapons division at Stevenage, Hertfordshire. The order was announced at the Paris Aero and Space Show. The 150 lb. satellite is to be launched into orbit 400 miles above the earth in three or four years' time. It will carry five sets of equipment for scientific experiments. Another model on the BAC's stand at the Paris Show is that of the Anglo-French supersonic air-liner "Concord," of which Pan American Airways have ordered six

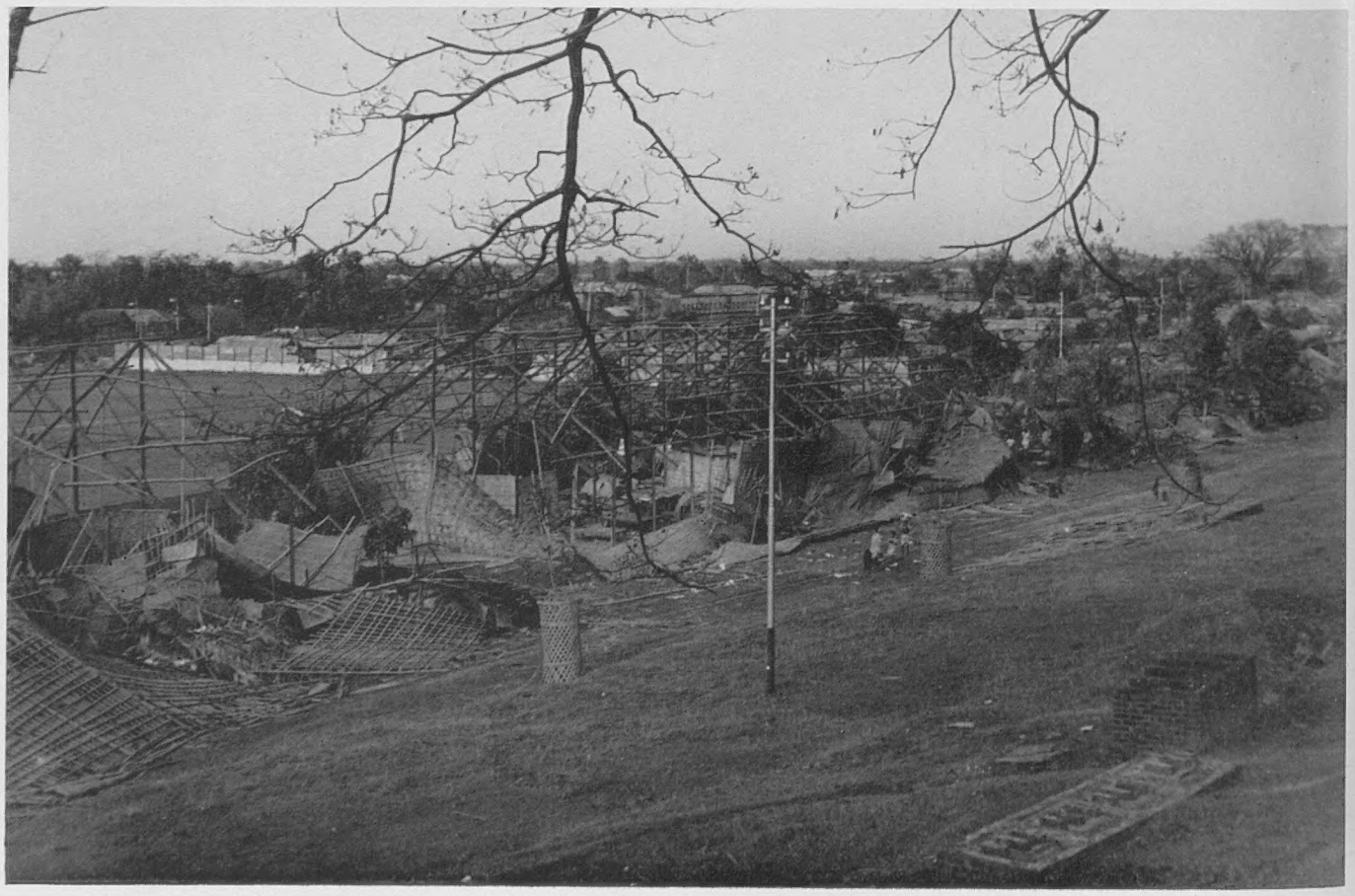
Anniversary of a Saint in Scotland

A procession of clergymen leaves the Abbey on the island of Iona in the Hebrides off the west coast of Scotland. The occasion was the celebration of the fourteen-hundredth anniversary of the landing there of St. Columba, who brought Christianity to Scotland. Members of churches in the World Council of Churches took part in the services. The ancient abbey was rebuilt by the Iona Community which Dr George Macleod founded 25 years ago. This week the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Primus of Scotland are leading an episcopalian pilgrimage to Iona



The cyclone in Pakistan

The debris is of thatched houses in a residential quarter in Chittagong. The town and its surrounding coastal areas in East Pakistan had been devastated by a 15-hour-long cyclone and a tidal wave. President Ayub Khan immediately allocated considerable sums for relief work. First estimates gave 10,000 people killed and another 10,000 missing. It was expected to be some little time before any full figures could be given but it was thought they might "far exceed" those of the 1960 cyclone and tidal wave when 14,000 people and 160,000 cattle were killed and 900,000 homes damaged. It was also anticipated that demands would be made to the authorities for improvements in the meteorological system of forecasting cyclones



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

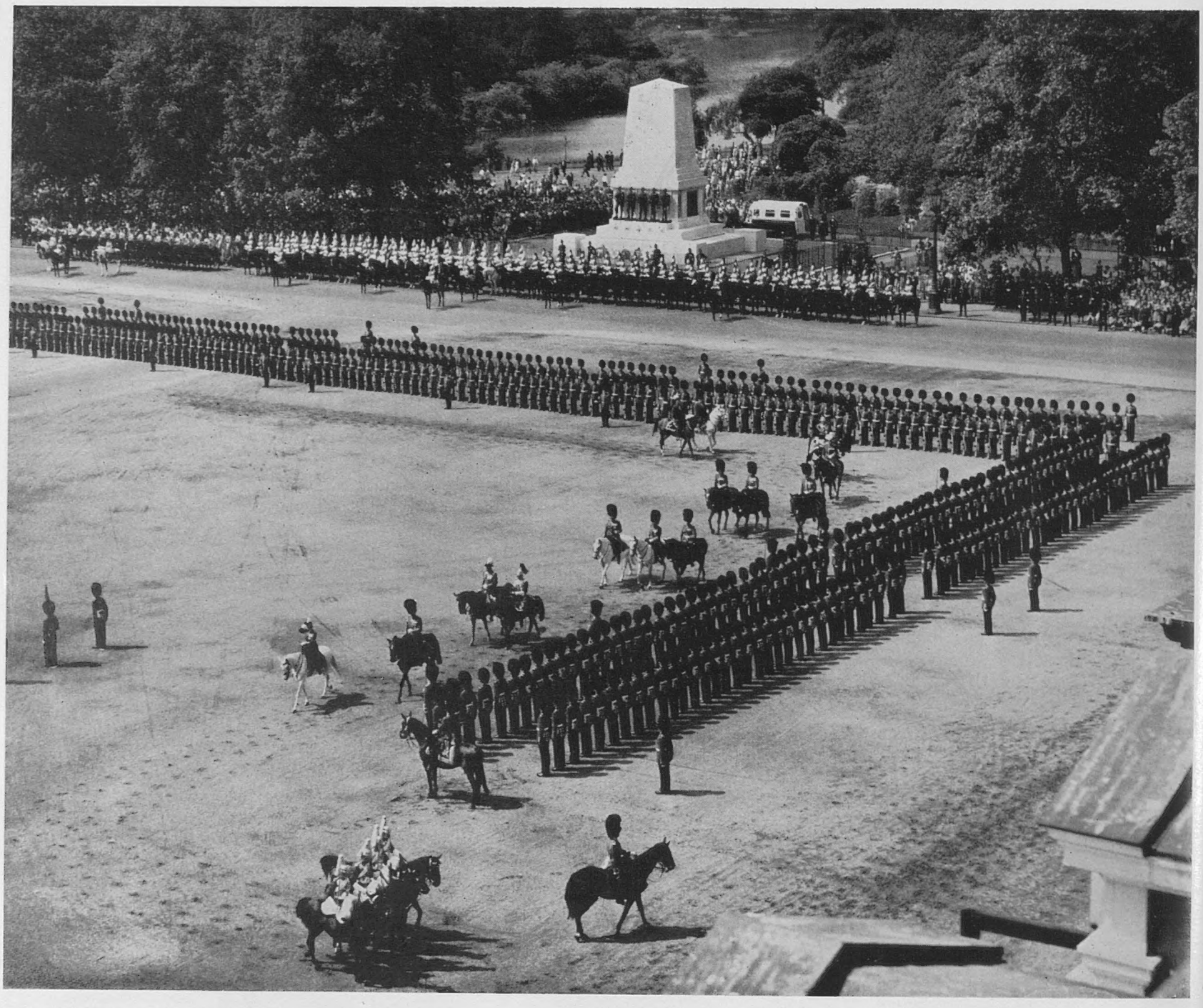
Multilateral talks
In the Ministry of Defence in London are, from left, Admiral Mountbatten, Chief of UK Defence Staff; Mr Peter Thorneycroft, Minister of Defence, and Admiral Claude Ricketts, U.S. Vice-Chief of Defence staff. The last named was in London to discuss the U.S. proposals for a Nato multilateral nuclear force of Polaris vessels

Two Presidents get together
Mr Kennedy and President Radhakrishnan of India talk in the White House in Washington. Dr Radhakrishnan was on a nine-day official visit to America, a prelude to his tour of Britain due to start in the middle of this week. A main subject of the discussions between the two Presidents in Washington was China

New road opened in Laos
Laotian officers and civilian officials drive along a new road which had just been opened between Ken Thao and Pak Lay. Help was given in its construction by America. Last week the situation in Laos appeared to be further deteriorating. Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Premier, declared the pro-Communist Pathet Lao was being supported by North Vietnamese troops

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

400



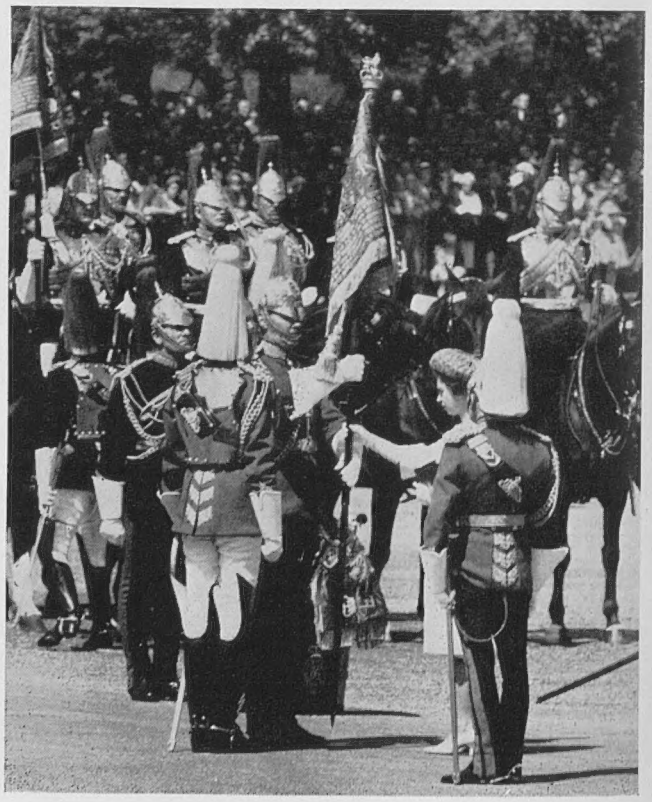
Premier of Uganda arrives in London

Mr Milton Obote with the Duke of Devonshire, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, meet at London Airport. The Premier of Uganda had arrived for informal talks with British officials and was to fly on to New York. Last week he was in Nairobi for meetings with other East African leaders to discuss the first steps in forming the East African Federation. The news was disclosed in Dar-es-Salaam by President Nyerere of Tanganyika. Uganda became independent last October. Of possible federal members only Kenya and Zanzibar remain with colonial status. The East African leaders urge the formation of a Federation

Hot sunshine for Trooping the Colour

In a blaze of sunlight the Queen inspects troops of the Household Brigade drawn up on Horse Guards Parade in London. She is riding a police horse, a grey called Doctor. The summery weather last Saturday, the Queen's Official Birthday, provided the setting for the traditional pageantry of Trooping the Colour—this year it was the Colour of the 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards. The Queen was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Among those watching were the Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco.

Right: In an earlier ceremony, the Queen presents new standards to the Household Cavalry



NEWS SUMMARY

Grave crises in Britain and America; violence in the Middle East

Two major crises dominated world news at the start of this week. One was in Britain, the other was in the United States of America.

GREAT BRITAIN

It was generally considered that the full impact of the Profumo scandal could not be gauged until next Monday when the matter is to be raised in Parliament. The Opposition is to move the adjournment in a debate on " the security aspects of recent events." Mr Wilson will be the main Labour speaker and Mr Macmillan will reply for the Government. Labour spokesmen have made it clear that they do not intend to raise personal or moral issues. What they want to know is whether the Prime Minister had been informed by the security services of Mr Profumo's involvement with Miss Christine Keeler who was also involved with Captain Ivanov, a Russian Embassy official, now back in Russia.

On March 22 Mr Profumo, then Secretary of State for War, made a personal statement in the House of Commons. In it he denied that there was any impropriety in his association with Miss Keeler or that he was involved in some possible breach of security. Last week he resigned his office and his seat in Parliament. In a letter to the Prime Minister he declared he had misled the House in saying there was no impropriety in the association. He repeated there was no truth in the rumours about his involvement in a possible breach of security or that he had assisted in the disappearance of Miss Keeler when she was a witness in a court case. Mr Profumo met Captain Ivanov at the country cottage of Dr Stephen Ward, an osteopath, who last Monday was charged in London with living on immoral earnings and remanded in custody.

Mr Profumo was Conservative MP for Stratford-upon-Avon. At the last election he had a majority of 14,129.

Although there were reports from Washington that in view of the British political situation President Kennedy might postpone his meeting with Mr Macmillan at the latter's country home in Sussex on June 29, plans were going ahead for his reception there on that date. The main discussion will be the plan for the Nato mixed-manned nuclear force.

UNITED STATES

" We face a moment of moral and constitutional crisis," said President Kennedy last weekend, addressing a conference of American mayors in Hawaii. He made it clear that the Negroes' fight for equal rights was well and truly on, throughout the United States, and that he intended to make sure that the Negroes won. His uncompromising stand and the determination of the American Negro leadership to force a decision this summer have produced equally uncompromising statements from the segregationists. At the beginning of this week, battle was to be joined in Alabama, scene of many disturbances recently. The Governor of the State, Mr George Wallace, promised that he would, physically, not permit Negro students to enter the University of Alabama, in defiance of a Federal judgment.

On the international front, reports from Washington indicated that Admiral Ricketts, U.S. Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, had returned to the U.S. from London confident that the Royal Navy had accepted as feasible the American plan for a Nato multilateral force of surface missile vessels. The plan involves a mixed-manned fleet of about 25 fast surface vessels each armed with eight Polaris missiles. Current American strategic thinking sees such a fleet as being the best military solution to the admitted need for medium-range ballistic missiles for the defence of Europe. It is believed that the Soviet Union has several hundred MRBMs which are deployed against Western Europe.

The arrival last weekend at the Paris Air Show of a high-level U.S. aviation team was a further indication of the developing fierceness in the race to develop a supersonic airliner. Last week, following PanAm's order for six Anglo-French Concords, President Kennedy authorised an initial budget of $1,000 million to develop a rival American supersonic airliner. In Paris, the American team was intent on determining the progress made in producing the Concord. The U.S. have already offered to collaborate on the details of fitting the Concord into airline service. Clearly the key issue remains one of timing: should the U.S. attempt to beat the Concord into service with an American design or should they go for a faster aircraft coming into service later? Although there are options in the PanAm contract, the airline would take up its order if otherwise they would be left in the cold by competing airlines.

SOVIET UNION

In Moscow this week, Mr Harold Wilson was having talks with Russian leaders during his visit to the U.S.S.R. Mr. Wilson has been accompanied by Mr Patrick Gordon Walker, Labour's principal spokesman on foreign affairs. It was expected that Mr Wilson would have talks with Mr Khrushchev. He emphasised he was not in Moscow to negotiate, but was interested in discussing a nuclear test ban and Anglo-Soviet trade prospects.

MIDDLE EAST

The United Nations Secretary-General, U Thant, last week ordered General von Horn of Sweden to the Yemen with a small advance party of the U.N. observation mission. The mission's task was to bring about the disengagement of Saudi Arabia and the U.A.R. from the civil war in the Yemen. The U.S.S.R. belatedly called for a meeting of the Security Council to consider U Thant's decision, but it was not thought likely that the Soviet veto would be used. Russia might wish only to assert the principle that U.N. intervention of this kind must be authorised by the Security Council. Mecca Radio at the end of last week accused the U.A.R. of launching three air-raids on Saudi Arabian towns near the Yemeni border.

After a week of rioting, the situation in Iran last Sunday was reported to be quiet. The Prime Minister, Mr Assadullah Alam, announced in a broadcast that the Government was continuing with its moves to crush rebel leaders. One of the leaders, a tribal chief in the Fars Province, was shot in a clash with Government forces. Mr Alam claimed that the Government had proof that reactionary religious leaders in the holy Iranian cities of Qom and Meshed, in their efforts to sabotage the Shah's social reforms, had conspired with agents of " an outside power."

In Iraq, the turmoil created by the separatist Kurdish movement continued to exacerbate the Government. Northern areas of the country, inhabited by the Kurds, were placed under martial law and the direction of a military governor, Brigadier Fathi Saqalli. The Kurdish leader, Jalal Talabani, was still in Beirut at the end of last week after publicising the Kurdish cause in Egypt and the Lebanon.

The U.A.R. Government accepted the Swedish plan for cutting out the sandstone temples of Rameses II at Abu Simbel and re-erecting them on the cliff overlooking the site. The temples are threatened by the High Dam scheme for the Nile at Aswan. It remained to find adequate finance for the scheme.

An anti-segregationist is carried to a police wagon during race protests in Jackson, Mississippi

JOHN CONNELL

AFRICA AFTER ADDIS ABABA

402 It would be agreeable—it would also help commentators like myself—if it were possible to study any single episode in contemporary African history for a month or two, in isolation from other crises and climacterics, and in perspective. Events tumble after one another in so incessant and so tumultuous a flood that any effort to make a firm assessment of what has happened, or is soon likely to happen, is instantly and violently overwhelmed.

The recent African summit conference at Addis Ababa, presided over with ineffable if melancholy dignity by his Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, demonstrated both the magnitude of current African dreams, and the conflicts which are inherent in any practical attempt to fulfil them. Dr Nkrumah made his boldest attempt yet to enlist massive support for his dream of unity on a continental scale. It is impossible not to admire his tenacity and his persistence; but the truth is that his plans have gone awry.

To say this is not to try to play down the strength of the consciousness of a need for co-operation and mutual aid among the leaders of the newly independent African nations. The very novelty of their independence (which is not to be equated—though it far too often is—with freedom) makes for bewilderment and confusion. It was no accident that this first summit assemblage was held in Ethiopia, the oldest and, for all its imperfections and difficulties, probably the stablest of the independent nations. There was an aching for security, for some kind of acknowledged continuity in this era of flux, visible in the eagerness with which they all gathered as guests of the Lion of Judah. When they were young, unknown, struggling students or mission schoolboys, he was the spearhead and the symbol of resistance to a wicked and grasping colonialism. What they all found it convenient to forget was that, having known defeat and exile, the Emperor was restored to his throne with the vigorous and generous assistance of British, French, Rhodesian and South African fighting forces. In the denunciations of colonialism and neo-colonialism this rather relevant fact was never mentioned.

Yet other than the emotionally very powerful myth of resistance to colonialism, what firm links can there be between the ageing, indomitable Emperor and men like Nkrumah, Nyerere, Mboya and Gichuru? And in the end, all that emerged as a permanently unifying factor was the prolongation in active politics of this myth.

Mr Kenyatta is sworn in as Prime Minister of Kenya before the Governor, Mr MacDonald (right)

The principal outcome

Its practical effectiveness is not to be denied. It is now to be deployed as the principal propaganda weapon in the assault which is being prepared against the Portuguese dependencies, against Southern Rhodesia and against the Republic of South Africa. A real degree of co-ordination of effort in this field is indeed the principal outcome of Addis Ababa. We may (and we certainly ought to) lament the fact that nothing was done about the really critical issues which face Africa—a big population explosion, malnutrition, a formidable array of crippling diseases, bad communications, locusts, cattle and crop infections, witchcraft, black magic and grinding, brutal poverty.

What is necessary now is a series of very harsh and very difficult decisions on the part of the Western Powers that still retain interests in and responsibilities for Africa. The ignominy—and worse—implicit in letting matters drift ought by now to be obvious. Having said this, I must add that I am sadly convinced that the decisions will not be made, the drift will continue, and the casualty rate will increase sharply and remorselessly.

When I reflect on some of the more notable consequences of avoiding decisions and of letting matters drift during the past decade, I cannot, with the best will in the world, feel sanguine about the prospects in the next few years, for the minorities of European stock, education and outlook, now surviving in Africa.

About a million French men, women and children, born and bred in Algeria, have been uprooted from their homes and their occupations, at the end of seven years of brutal fighting, and are now new refugees in metropolitan France.

The tragedy that has befallen the Congo—despite all sorts of efforts to disguise it and paper it over—is enormous and all-pervasive. A young British officer, who served in the Nigerian contingent of the UN forces in the Congo last year, and was awarded the DSO for his gallantry in rescuing a party of priests and nuns from an unpleasant fate, has (in my view) summed the whole tragic business up in two lapidary sentences: "Independence may be a joy to the overfed politician in the capital, but to the man in the bush it means murder, pillage and rape. If he is lucky it means none of these things, but merely poverty and loneliness." This is a simple but sombre truth to which too many have shut their eyes.

The fate of the European

If such is the fate of the ordinary African, in the aftermath of independence, what is that of the equally ordinary European who, for reasons which were once considered quite valid and prompted by motives which were then honourable and right, has built up his home and his livelihood over years in Africa? What of the Afrikaner, whose ancestors have lived in Africa for three centuries? John Morley—a liberal of liberals, after all—had this saying by Francis Bacon carved under the mantelpiece in his library: "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." One of the aspects of the emergence of these independent nations in Africa, which I have found deeply disturbing, has been the general callousness here in Britain, towards those who suffer by it: they have been harshly lectured on their sins, and criticised for their failure to adjust to a changing situation, but few indeed have been the people in public and official places or in private who have troubled to be compassionate towards the European minorities in Africa.

It is with real gratitude therefore that I record that, a day or two before Mr Malcolm MacDonald welcomed Mr Jomo Kenyatta as Kenya's first Prime Minister, Mr Duncan Sandys let it be known that in order to assist a number of elderly, infirm and indigent British men and women in Kenya to leave, if they want to, a sum of £26,000 has been set apart—out of a Supplementary Estimate—to pay their passages back to Britain and their incidental expenses; that when they get here the WVS and other welfare organisations will look after their reception and care; and that they will then be entitled to NAB.

I kept quiet for six months and more about politics in Kenya to help to bring this about. I have badgered ministers, and knocked on doors which were not (it seemed) easy to open. Well, at least now, before it is too late, Number 85 on my list of compassionate and security cases has some hope: "Aged 73, nearly blind; wife aged 72 and sister aged 76 dependent on him. Has no assets apart from the farm. Grave security risk as the farm is isolated."

Heartbreaking? Yes, and I have handled a list of some 500 all in a closely similar plight. Through all the shouting and the cheering over *uhuru*, behind Mr Tom Mboya's demand for immediate and total independence, I cannot help thinking constantly of three people in their seventies—the only man among them almost blind—on their lonely farm. Do they merit compassion? Ought they not to be helped? And, I ask myself, are others, faced with a like misery, not justified in trying to resist it?

A helicopter hovers above Jacques Cousteau's island platform in the bay of Villefranche during the inauguration ceremony on May 31. The project, designed for research into under-water living, was launched by M. Gaston Palewski, French Minister of State

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A terrible threat

The slave-driving conditions imposed on Labour peers during the Committee stage of the London Government and other Bills has evoked a terrible threat from Lord Alexander of Hillsborough. If and when Labour rules again it will flood the Upper House with Labour peers to secure it an equal balance of parties. To achieve that desirable aim, I reckon that, to cover potential risks, that "flood" must be counted in hundreds, and the project will need very careful consideration. For instance, will the newcomers be hereditary or life peers? If the former, there is a tendency, even a danger, that heredity holders of peerages will move to the right in political thought. Then, again, this threat to the already potentially overcrowded club-house may bring back in their hundreds the backwoodsmen to fight for their neglected privileges, and lack of accommodation and privacy may turn the chamber into a slum. And then, all would be to do again. There will, of course, be plenty of aspiring Labour candidates, though their qualifications may not be very high, since the cream will still be needed in the Commons, but the reference books will have to find space for at least another thousand holders of courtesy titles—be the new peers hereditary or lifers. It is, indeed, a terrible threat and perhaps designed as a double-edged sword. It might not only abolish "sweating" of hard-working Labour noblemen, but by sheer absurdity abolish the Upper House. In the role of "King Goodheart," Lord Alexander may seem to be contradicting Labour's ideal of democracy and equality of opportunity, but "when everybody's somebody," the result is the same, and anyway in the fever of an election campaign, consistency goes by the board. Perhaps we should not take it more seriously than as the heart-cry of an overworked legislator. But if the Labour party keeps the campaign at the present temperature, there will be an October General Election, for the pace is too hot to hold.

Edwardian age

When historians label a reign, an era or a decade as "a period of transition," they are on safe, but trite, ground. A reign that is not a "period of transition" is the reign of a "king over death and the dead." The Edwardian age was all three, a reign, an era and a decade, and anything but a long summer afternoon or a calm before the storm. It was an age of transition. Never was our nation more robustly alive. Those of us old enough to remember it, remember it vividly for the very pulse of its vigorous life. In every walk of life the people in the news were larger than life and full of it to bursting, from our music-hall stars and fashionables to our radical reformers. It was perhaps a misfortune that in that decade an American observer called Collier chose to write an "Inside Britain." His *England and the English* tended to concentrate too much on our vices and the startling contrasts between the "haves" and the "have-nots." His statistics of the nation's state of health and of what we spent on drink, on sport, on the Navy, set beside what we spent on social services, were not very flattering but, in so far as accurate, afford a clue to the reason why the Edwardian era, so far from being static, was the very active seed-bed of Britain in the 1960s. In literature and political-economic thought it was an outstanding decade of activity and achievement, and to dismiss it as an interregnum during which the privileged displayed gross and vulgar showmanship, the starved cab-runner panted behind four-wheelers in the faint hope of earning a penny for carrying a trunk upstairs, as the age of "Saki" in literature and apathy in reform, is utterly false and one-sided. The veriest pauper realised its significance with new hope in his heart. Nationally and internationally, so far as the source of any great river of change can be traced, it is in the Edwardian decade and not in the World Wars period that the shift in balance of world politics and in the modern conception of a welfare state is derived. In a light-hearted pastiche of a book, *Edwardian Scrap Book*, I remember that I tried, while contrasting the "two-nations" of that decade, to insist on its political and social importance.

The first floor hall of a new theatre for Eastbourne—The Congress Theatre, due to be opened on June 13 with a performance by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The foyer has a large glass wall

Weather forecasts

No doubt the weather prophets are doing their best and we should withhold our fire. Their daily job is not easy, for in our island geographical features bring very sharp contrasts in weather, and vary locally. Yet I agree with a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent from Rye, that unless there be good grounds to expect that a £500,000 computer will improve those prophets' forecasts it will be a scandalous waste of public money. This critic asserts that the nightly BBC televised forecasts are usually farcical and seldom bear any resemblance to the radio early morning forecasts. He might add that the radio six-o'clock forecasts usually contradict each other

Peter Scott, the ornithologist and television personality, sits with the silver cup he won in the National Gliding Championships at Lasham. Gliding has given him a new interest in birds that soar

The Fourth of June at Eton. An oarsman and cox in boating dress on their way to the river

Bright sunshine for the crowds at sheepdog trials in Hyde Park during the Whitsun holiday

in the space of 20 minutes. He had apparently analysed, over a period, these weather forecasts covering an area of 200 square miles of SE England, and found that only 20 per cent. were reasonably correct. It may be, of course, that Rye and the mainland opposite the Isle of Wight are unique, unpredictable black-spots. If a £500,000 computer will help the prophets to throw light on these dark spots, I am prepared to contribute my mite to its cost. If that is not to be expected, let us cut the cackle and rely, as of old, on hanging out a piece of seaweed.

Buried treasure

I envy Mr C. Orde-Powlett who is hoping to explore the vaults in old Basing House (now an ancient monument but once the vast palace of his ancestor, 5th Marquis of Winchester) to find and lift a Golconda of gold coin said to have been buried in the " troubles " of 1645 during the famous siege. It has always been my dream to " dig up the past " with fair hope of success on my own acres and if the " past," when dug up, were likely to cash in handsomely, the historico-scientific thrill would be pleasantly sugared. True, today, the ruin of Basing House is in the keeping of the Minister of Works and I suppose questions of title might arise concerning any treasure lifted. But Mr Orde-Powlett, if he be permitted to dig, will wield his spade with surer hope and better evidence than was the case with Flint's treasure or many a Spanish galleon treasure-hunt. For nearly 200 years ago, workmen " lifted " from the site a cache of golden guineas, worth £8,000 in terms of our money, while the vaults themselves have been undisturbed for three centuries. It is in these vaults that the search will be directed and I hope it will be rewarded with " £3 million in terms of our money," and will not end in disappointment and the head-line " Bones are found." If it should prove so, those bones will deserve Christian burial, as heroic skeletons which perished in a lost cause.

" The unforgiving minute "

Many people besides myself enjoy *The Times* light leaders. A recent example—" The unforgiving minute "—afforded a Cardiff reader a chance to offer a useful time-saving idea to British Railways. He finds it maddening to sit in the train for 2½ hours then, on arrival in London, to have to spend half an hour having his hair cut. Why not, he asks Doctor Beeching, " rent a space on certain trains to a barber?" But why stop at barbers? Why not rent space to dentists, university lecturers, pop-singers and manicurists according to your needs.

The Old Stager

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ON THE TOWN

at the Prince of Wales Theatre

Critics now and then take time off to bewail the fragmentation that has occurred in musical entertainment on the stage—for instance the gulf that now exists between the operetta and the musical, between operetta and opera, between ballet and dance. In fact, this fragmentation is more often than not due to the words used to describe the various forms of entertainment, rather than their appeal. It would seem for instance that the same kind of person or audience is as capable of responding to Leonard Bernstein's musical *On the Town* as to Offenbach's gay operetta *La Belle Hélène*. It would be easy enough to dismiss *On the Town* as yet another American musical. But this would be doing it an injustice. It is instructive to note that it arrives in London 19 years late—it was first seen in New York in 1944. *On the Town* is the first truly urban American musical, just as *Oklahoma!* marked the start of a wave of rural musicals.

It is a portrait of a city—a raucous, lively, mocking picture of the big city seen through the eyes of three sailors—and it uses the resources of song, dance and speech to the full and sometimes all at once. It has only a thread of a plot—the sailors arrive for 24 hours' leave, intent on finding a girl each. Two fall prey to aggressive girls—an ex-taxi driver, who proceeds everywhere at full speed, and a female anthropologist, more interested in men than man. The third pursues a girl he has seen on a poster as Miss Subways. Performed with a breathtaking drive by a young cast, the musical owes much to its Bernstein songs, the choreography by Joe Layton, and talented, sparkling performances by the leads **J.W.**

Photographs by Reg Wilson

Ivy Smith (Andrea Jaffe), chosen as Miss Subways, is approved by the soldier (Harry Naughton)

Andrea Jaffe—bright new star in *On the Town*

The sailors and police catch up with Ivy's secret—that she is a cooch dancer on Coney Island

The three sailors sing—Gabey (Don McKay), Chip (Franklin Kiser) and Ozzie (Elliott Gould)

Claire (Gillian Lewis) stalks her specimen—Gabey

Chip is overwhelmed by Hildy (Carol Arthur)

LA BELLE HELENE *at Sadler's Wells*

Like *On the Town*, *La Belle Hélène* gains some of its best effects from mockery. It is Offenbach's tongue-in-the-cheek version of the Paris-Helen-Menelaus triangle, set in a fur-belowed, semi-classical world of the Second Empire. This is the third of this prolific composer's operettas to be done by Sadler's Wells—the other two were *Orpheus in the Underworld* and *Vie Parisienne*—and they have now built up an audience which looks forward to this kind of high-spirited romp. The production by Basil Coleman and the sets and costumes by Anthony Powell offer sumptuous delights for the lover of Victoriana and few people can resist the lilting charm of Offenbach's music. The plot, as always in this story, centres round the faithless Helen, voluptuous and ravishing. In the role Joyce Blackman takes her chances with both hands. English version of the book is by Geoffrey Dunne.

TRUE WORTH OF GEORGE STURT

408 George Sturt ("George Bourne") was born 100 years ago come Tuesday; on June 18, 1863. I met him only towards the end of his life, when he was virtually paralysed and a much older man than his years—he was only in his 64th year when he died—and I, maybe, a much younger one than mine. Obviously, I did not know him well. I did not see him frequently enough and, in any case, the gap in years, in experience, was much too great for anything like friendship to develop. But I do remember him well.

Not because he was an author: though it is true that I first met him through one of his books. (I read his *The Wheelwright's Shop* when it was first published, in 1923, and wrote to ask if I might call and talk to him about gipsy wagons.) He had no particular fame as an author in his lifetime, for his books appealed only to a small and rather specialised public. I did not begin to read the main body of his work—that written under his pseudonym—until some years after his death: and then only because I settled in the village, Lower Bourne, in which he lived for most of his life. Not because he was an author do I remember him, but because he was an exceptional character.

Not a flamboyant character. George Sturt was the least extrovert of men. He was small, dark, bearded . . . and retiring. He had, moreover, a very soft voice (characteristic of his family), so that, on meeting him for the first time, one got an impression of extreme shyness: a most misleading impression. He was not a shy man nor even a very modest one: he was a withdrawn man. A bachelor, he avoided so far as possible direct contact with the hurly-burly of life, living quietly in a small house (Vine Cottage) with his two maiden sisters: Susan, who was a good musician, and Mary, who did the housekeeping and who spoke so softly that one was sometimes unaware she had spoken.

But, quiet and withdrawn as George Sturt was, he was not a man with whom you would take liberties: and this you recognised at sight. There was about him a formidable strength: not physical strength—he suffered from bronchitis throughout his life and was never strong physically—but an inner strength, which was not so much strength of will as of purpose. He was very sure of himself and was very definite, without being dogmatic, in his opinions. And he was a kind man. Yet he made friends rarely and with difficulty. There was a quality about him, some sort of spiritual quality, which set him apart from other men: which brought him respect rather than friendship.

Family of Wheelwrights

The Sturt family business was the wheelwright's shop in East Street, Farnham: a business acquired by George's grandfather, who was a practising wheelwright, in 1810. The family must have enjoyed considerable fame as craftsmen, for they made wagons for people as far away as South Wales and Norfolk. But George was not apprenticed as a wheelwright. He started his working life as a schoolmaster, coming into the family business only a month before his father (a superb craftsman as well as a first-rate man of business) died. He knew nothing of business and was never interested in making money.

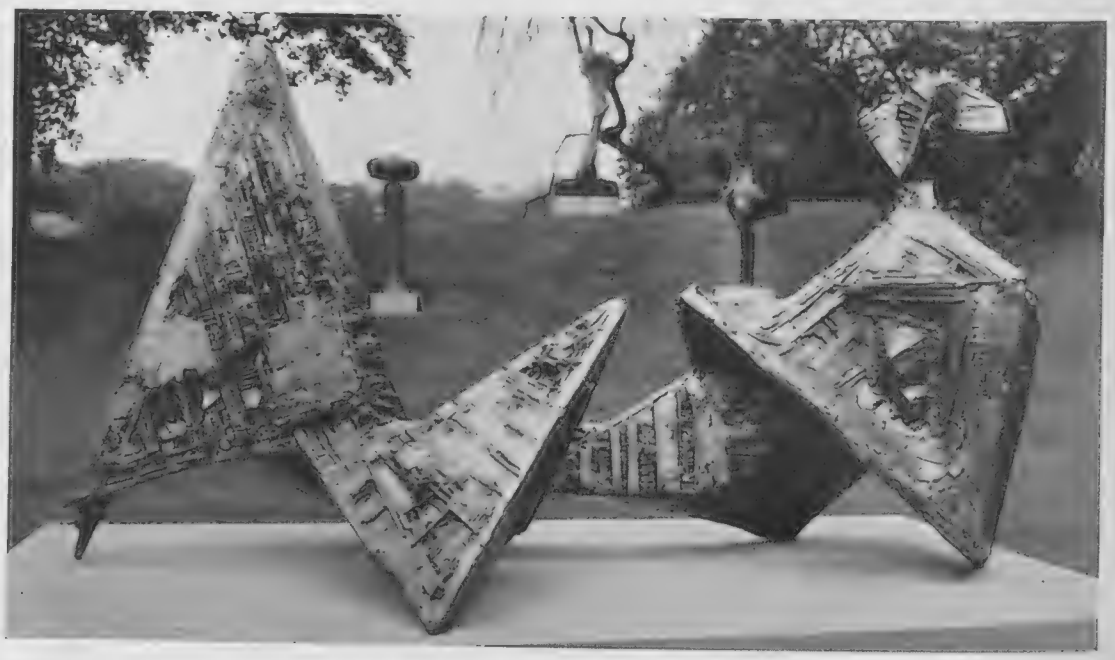
But, though never a practising craftsman himself, he sprang from generations of craftsmen and he was passionately interested in timber and the fashioning of timber. His brother, Frank, who owned the bookshop in Farnham, had very much the same attitude: he was so passionately interested in books that he could hardly bring himself to sell one. Being passionately interested in the construction of a wagon really was not enough of course, and the business did not prosper until a partner, William Goatscher, was brought in. From then on, Sturt was little more than a sleeping-partner, and was able to devote more and more time to writing.

How does he rank as an author? You will not find him so much as mentioned in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Literature*. There will be many who will agree with the omission, judging it to be an accurate estimate of his status as a writer; for it must be admitted that there are many who find Sturt very difficult reading. But his *The Wheelwright's Shop* has been described by many authorities as a "classic," and surely the author of a classic deserves inclusion even in a concise dictionary?

I am biased, of course. Not because I knew Sturt, but because I lived for many years in his village and still live but a couple of miles away from his old home. I know the people of whom he wrote: not the actual people (they are all dead), but people of the same names, of the same families. Sturt could not invent—his one published novel, *A Year's Exile*, is so laboriously contrived as to be barely readable—and rarely bothered even to change the names of characters in his books. The Bettesworths, the Cranstones, the Pharos: these men and women lived. The last Bettesworth in the village died only three years or so ago: Cranstones and Pharos still abound. There was a Pharo who gardened in one of George Bourne's books: there is a Pharo gardening in the village still, and there was another, who has now moved away, who was for a while my gardener. Naturally, I am biased. But this does not mean that I think George Sturt was a great writer. I do not.

However, I do not think that the way he wrote matters so much as what he wrote about. What he wrote about was village life; the ordinary everyday life, with all its hardships and its few pleasures, of humble English labouring folk. This he observed minutely and without sentiment: and what he has to say is important, for he foresaw much of what has happened and is happening.

The fact, I think, is that George Sturt's centenary has come too soon. For he was a social historian and we are still too near his time to appreciate fully his worth. In another 100 years he will, I am convinced, be in all the concise dictionaries of English literature.



OPEN-AIR SCULPTURE

Works at the sixth triennial exhibition arranged by the LCC at Battersea include, **left:** War Ghost by George Fullard and Winged Figures by Lynn Chadwick and **right:** Puy de Dome by F. E. McWilliam

Pope John XXIII wearing the Triple Tiara after his Coronation in 1958. The outstanding Christian leader since the war, he strove throughout his reign for world peace and unity among the Christian communions *(see also overleaf)*

PEACE AND UNITY

PEACE AND UNITY

continued from page 409

Preaching at his Coronation in 1958, Pope John XXIII said: "the new Pope has before his mind, more than all else, that wonderful picture which St John gives, in the words of the Saviour himself, of the Good Shepherd." This vision must have inspired Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli throughout his long life.

He was born on November 5, 1881, the eldest of a peasant family of 12 children, farming land near Bergamo. His first appointments as priest were in his native district under the Bishop of Bergamo. From him the future Supreme Pontiff absorbed ideas regarding the importance of promoting Christian social principles. During the First World War he

Father Roncalli in 1905, soon after his ordination

The future Pope during his days in the Diocese of Bergamo

In the train on the way to Assisi, 1962

was first a sergeant in the medical corps and then a chaplain.

In 1921 Father Roncalli was appointed national director of the Association for the Propagation of Faith in Rome. In 1925 he was given a titular See and made Apostolic visitor to Bulgaria. This was the beginning of his long association with Eastern Europe and the Orthodox Church, being Apostolic Delegate in Istanbul for the ten years from 1934. In the difficult post-war period he was Papal Nuncio to France and in 1953, the year of his elevation to the Cardinalate, he returned to Italy as Patriarch of Venice.

When after the death of Pius XII five years ago Cardinal Roncalli was elected Pope, he was aged 77 and was widely regarded as a "caretaker" of the Holy See. Such anticipations were soon proved entirely wrong. The ideal of the Good Shepherd was translated into action. In some senses this was shown by small personal actions, such as visiting prisoners in Rome's gaols or making a pilgrimage to Assisi and Loretto—in the latter instance Pope John became the first Pontiff to travel in a train for over 100 years. But perhaps his greatest impact was on the world outside the Church of Rome.

In the face of the growing materialism of Europe, he recognised the need for an abandonment of the old Roman outlook in Christianity and for a coming together of the churches. Still more, he realised that with such large sections of the world population committed to Communism, peace could only be achieved through the acceptance of the necessity of coexistence.

Prisoners kneel in the Regina Coeli prison in Rome during an unprecedented visit at Christmas time

The Holy Father with a three-year-old patient during a visit to the Infant Jesus Children's Hospital in Rome on Christmas Day in 1958

In solemn ceremonial Pope John XXIII is carried in his gestatorial chair to St. John Lateran, the cathedral of Rome "and of the World"

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

412 **SWAZILAND**

Controversy over the new constitution

The protracted constitutional conference on the future of Swaziland last January never concluded in agreement. As a result of its failure the Colonial Secretary has had to resort to a new constitution embodying as many of the points that were agreed as possible. And this constitution is to be imposed.

Although it perpetuates the routine Colonial system and sustains many of the powers and privileges of the Ngwenyama, the Paramount Chief or King, the new constitution is a substantial step in taking Swaziland along the road to modern self-rule. It establishes the mixed Legislature for Swaziland that was recommended in 1960.

This is a great advance on the present constitution of Swaziland first set up by an Order in Council in 1903. As things stand, Swaziland is administered by a resident Commissioner under the direction of the High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and Swaziland. Laws are made by proclamation by the High Commissioner.

In drawing up the details of the new Legislature, the Colonial Secretary has rejected the demand by Swazi traditionalists and European settlers for 50-50 representation by race. His solution represents a considerable concession to the new African political parties, but does not concede anything like proportionate representation. The African population of Swaziland stood at 254,000 at the last census in 1960. Europeans numbered 8,200; Euro-Africans, 1,600.

The new Legislature will consist of 24 members, plus four official members who are members of the Executive Council. Eight of the 24 will be Swazis; eight will be persons of any race elected by voters on a national roll and eight will be Europeans. Four of the Europeans will be elected on the national roll, and four on a European roll.

At the Swaziland constitutional talks in London early this year. From left are: Mr J. M. B. Sukati; Mr M. P. Nhlabatsi; Mr S. T. M. Sukati; Mr P. L. Dlamini; Mr A. K. Hlope and Mr B. A. Dlamini

The Legislature will have the power to legislate in all matters, except those reserved to the Ngwenyama, such as disposition of Swazi Nation Land, the eomposition of the Swazi National Council, and the appointments of Subordinate Chiefs.

For the election of Europeans by voters on the European roll, Swaziland is to be treated as a single constituency. For elections by voters on the national roll the country will be divided into four constituencies, each returning three members to the Legislature, one of whom must be a European. The franchise is extended for the two different electoral rolls to resident subjects of 21 years or above. South African citizens at present in Swaziland are to be allowed to vote until the end of 1965. From then on they must apply for British citizenship if they wish to continue voting.

The reaction of the two main African nationalist parties to the prospect of this constitution has been hostile. Condemning it as "racialist and discriminatory" the Zangwe National Liberatory Congress (ZNLC) is soon to call a national conference to propose a boycott of the constitution and the elections to be held under it. The ZNLC wants independence now. The other party is the Swaziland Democratic Party which is regarded as more moderate than ZNLC. Swaziland has South Africa on three of its borders and Portuguese Mozambique on the fourth frontier.

The *Sri Selangor*, a fast patrol boat bound for the Royal Malayan Navy, is lifted aboard the cargo liner *Benwyvis* by one of the ship's 120 ton derricks at Southampton to be carried to Singapore. *Sri Selangor* is the first of two Vosper fast patrol boats which have been ordered for the Royal Malayan Navy

Canadian Mayors at Billingsgate Fish Market, one of the visits arranged by the Corporation of London, hosts to 20 Canadian Mayors for four days. From left to right are Mr C. Ward, the Market superintendent; Mrs Day; Mr C. H. Day, Mayor of Kamloops; Mr A. E. Wilson, Alderman of Regina, and Mr H. Boivin, Mayor of Granby. **Right:** Some of the Mayors are shown the Great Hall of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital

The Rev. Leonard Alufurai (left) and the Rev. Dudley Tuti (right) are the first Melanesian priests to be appointed Assistant Bishops by the Anglican Archbishop of New Zealand. The missionary diocese of Melanesia covers the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands and many other islands in the area. The two Assistant Bishops are to be Consecrated at Honiara, British Solomon Islands, on St Andrew's Day, November 30

Left: Ten Northern Nigerian visitors in London are, from the left: Mrs Ayo Edun; Mrs Agnes Ebun Ajayi; Mrs Grace Amego; Malama Falmata Mani; Mrs Mariyamu Dimka; Malama Amina Ibrahim; Malama Habiba Kaile; Malama Aishatu; Miss Barikisu Mohammed and Miss Naomi Timothy. The party is in Britain for a visit of six weeks which has been arranged by the British Council to show how people in Britain—especially women—live and work. Among the visitors are teachers, a midwife, a nurse and a school matron. Besides London their itinerary includes stays in Southampton, Manchester and Glasgow

At the BP Research Centre at Sunbury-on-Thames, three editors from Aden are shown round the laboratory. From left they are Mr Ali Aman, Mr Mohammed Ali Basharahil and Mr Hassam Ali Omar

Miss Wendy Husted is "Miss British Industries" for the British Exhibition, Australia, 1964

BRADFIELD v STOWE

Having won the toss on their home ground in Berkshire, Bradfield are batting in the opening overs of their match against their visitors from Stowe

The dominating figure in Bradfield College's home match against Stowe was the Bradfield player G. R. J. Roope, who scored 95 runs and took six for 46 in 20 overs. The home side batted first and got off to a dreadful start. After a quarter of an hour the scoreboard read 1 run, 3 wickets, last man 1. G. R. J. Roope and E. H. Houston set about restoring their side's fortunes with a good stand, which reached 87 before Houston was run out. Stevens then joined Roope for another good partnership. At the declaration of 187 for 7. Stevens was 32 not out. Stowe in contrast made a good start in their innings and the first wicket did not fall until the score had reached 40, but finally the side collapsed against the bowling of Roope and P. W. Watts, who took 4 for 21. They were all out for only 89, leaving Bradfield winners.

I. D. Stevens (Bradfield) batting. From left to right are D. W. J. Garrett, the wicket keeper, falls to the ball, A. R. G. Scott-Gall, R. S. D. Johnson, C. J. T. Vane, R. N. Goodchild, J. P. Gronow and A. G. Fyfe

C. J. T. Vane (Stowe) catches M. C. James

E. H. Houston (Bradfield) tries a big legside hit

G. R. J. Roope, Bradfield's top scorer, square cuts

YACHTING

Rehu Moana, the vessel in which the Greenland Sea Expedition 1963, led by Dr David Lewis, sailed on Whit Monday, is probably the most unusual yacht ever built for a serious purpose. For the aims of this expedition are serious without a doubt. The principal one is to prove the leader's point that such an unorthodox craft, basically an extremely light-displacement, shallow-draft catamaran, is the answer to the hazards presented by the pack-ice and extremely severe weather conditions to be found off the east coast of Greenland. Where before only icebreakers and specially constructed whalers ventured, making their way through the ice by sheer force, it is hoped that the new boat will be light enough to be hauled out on to the ice by her crew if the need should arise.

The hulls and the cabin which form the bridge-deck between them are built of wood, sheathed with glass fibre to resist impact and wear of the ice. A conventional ship such as has been used for all previous Arctic expeditions has no buoyancy. *Rehu Moana* has sufficient positive foam buoyancy in many sealed compartments in her hulls to make her unsinkable. Even her most unusual mast, in the shape of a great wishbone, is designed to aid her stability; thoroughgoing stability tests have been carried out by rolling her right over in the East India Dock of the Port of London before her departure to the North.

As Colin Mudie, the brilliant young designer, explained, the whole conception is so new and experimental that most details had to be designed from scratch. He anticipated the most severe stresses to arise between the hulls, that is why the structure is continuous, eliminating all stress points. The mast shape provides buoyancy right outside, and the Chinese mainsail, being self-reefing, can be controlled from inside. It is also the most convenient rig for single-handed sailing, which Dr Lewis proposes to do, including the next single-handed transatlantic race to be sailed in 1964.

Under the Chinese mainsail alone, no one needs to go on deck, and presumably no other sail will be set when conditions become really severe. The foresail is a conventional one and there is also a square sail set on a yard, with footropes provided for the crew. Two vanes for self-steering are also fitted, although this method of steering has not been tried in catamarans, and no one knows how efficient it will turn out to be. The hefty keels, so important for stability, are retractable, but they are not meant to be lifted while sailing, e.g. when running before the wind. They will only be lifted for hauling out or in shallow water.

The expedition is to be away for two months. It is hoped to visit Jan Mayen island, which is about 200 miles east of the coast of Greenland. Landings may be made on the Greenland coast itself, but this is not the important aim, the main objective is the exploration of the pack ice between the island and the mainland. Among the secondary objectives the expedition is to report on weather and ice conditions, to make notes on charts and sailing directions for the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, to keep food records for the Medical Research Council and to develop technique for light sledging and for providing shelter without tents, using igloos.

Every possible consideration has been given to the safe survival of the members of the expedition. The total weight of equipment carried is about three tons, half of which is food and reserve water. Through the Marine Wireless Service of the GPO Dr Lewis hopes to be in daily communication with *The Guardian*, with the aid of a Marconi radio-telephone transmitter.

The catamaran *Rehu Moana* is hauled on to the builders' ramp on Canvey Island before launching. **Left:** Stability tests are carried out in East India Dock in the Port of London. **Below:** Dr David Lewis, leader of the 1963 Greenland Sea Expedition, at the wheel of the *Rehu Moana*

OFF TO NORTHERN IRELAND BY SYLVIE NICKELS

The shortest sea route to Northern Ireland is, of course, the 2¼-hour crossing from Stranraer to Larne. You can also go from Heysham, Liverpool, Glasgow or Ardrossan to Belfast, or from Glasgow to Londonderry. Recently, however, I decided in favour of the leisurely, eminently comfortable route operated by Transport Ferry Service from Preston to Belfast or Larne. And leisurely though the journey seems on the compact, uncrowded *Bardic* and *Ionic* ferries (50 passengers and a good many more cars), it is still only a pleasant evening and night before you look out on to the bustle of Belfast Harbour.

Northern Ireland, at that precarious period that bridges March and April, set out to prove that you don't have to go farther than this to escape the steady grey rains of early Spring in London. After one tempestuous day, which even then did not manage to detract from the marvels of the Mourne Mountains, the sun smiled down on the loughs and hills and coastal splendours of this lovely part of the world.

This is grand country for motorists. It is criss-crossed by networks of little lanes where nobody goes and, indeed, which lead nowhere in particular except through some wonderfully wooded and watered country and neat villages of broad streets and soft colouring.

Visitors without a car can have the freedom of Ulster Transport's road and railway services for 70s a week (second class only), and there are any number of tours and excursions of various duration to take you where you will. And 'where you will' could easily be the whole of Northern Ireland, for distances are not great and it is all immensely attractive to the eye.

Resorts near Belfast

Of the coastal resorts close to Belfast, Donaghadee (20 miles) is much smaller than neighbouring Bangor and scores high marks for a quiet family holiday. The approach along the coastal road past private houses, each perched on its own small grassy promontory on the sea, is charming. It also has the lowest average rainfall of any place near Belfast.

From here it is just six miles to Newtownards near the head of Strangford Lough, and you can then follow the Lough along to Downpatrick (where St Patrick is reputed to be buried) en route for the Mourne Mountains. Newcastle is the first of the resorts at their feet and it has most things that anyone could want from a fair-sized resort: mountains, sea, the glorious nearby Tollymore Forest Park, the Royal County Down golf course (there is hardly a place without one in Northern Ireland) tucked in behind the sandbanks, and the first-class Slieve Donard Hotel, staring out to sea from its lovely grounds.

Of the little places at the mountains' feet along the curve of the coast which leads round into Carlingford Lough, Kilkeel (note the small, simple but excellently run Kilmorey Arms) is a small fishing town whose attractions increase considerably when the tide is in. In the Mourne Mountains, you should not miss the Silent Valley whose reservoirs are trapped in surroundings of superb desolation, a blaze of glory when the gorse is out.

On the southern side of the mountains, Rostrevor is one of the main small centres facing the hills of Eire across Carlingford Lough. The bathing is poor, but it is an excellent centre from which to explore the Mourne Mountains and boasts the only hotel at present organising pony trekking holidays in Northern Ireland.

Enniskillen and the Loughs Erne lie 85 miles or so to the west. To reach it, you will cross Co. Armagh, the garden of Northern Ireland, and the south of Co. Tyrone. Armagh City is an especially pleasant place of gracious streets and Georgian houses, with two cathedrals, one of which is on the site of St Patrick's first cathedral. Enniskillen is built on an island between Upper and Lower Lough Erne, but it would be better to go a few miles farther to reach the Manor House Hotel at Killadeas (full board £2 10s a day for a minimum of four days) overlooking the larger lower lake, with fine facilities for shooting, fishing, boating and even water ski-ing on its doorstep. It is a lovely place housed in an old stately home. The complete 57-mile tour of Lough Erne can be done by road.

Londonderry lies 61 miles to the north, but it is worth the detour needed to approach it by side roads along the edge of the Sperrin Mountains. This is a city of grand character, splendidly sited on the shores of the Foyle and backed by the hills of Donegal. Within the mellow walls of its 17th-century St Columb's Cathedral, the story of Derry and particularly of the great siege of 1688 can be pieced together from documents and relics which include the padlock and keys that closed the city gates against the soldiers of King James. The old city walls and many of its gates are intact, a rewarding place indeed for quiet wandering. The City Hotel, one of six run by Ulster Transport in Northern Ireland, is a central and comfortable vantage point.

The Northern coast

From Londonderry round to Larne (75 miles) you can follow the whole of the northern coast through scenery as grandiose as any you will find. And though the far-famed stretch which skirts the Glens of Antrim just north of Larne has great beauty and the splendid proximity of the Glens themselves, there are places farther north where the backdrop is no less beautiful and the beaches beyond compare. Portstewart, for example, which nowadays is almost as large as popular neighbouring Portrush but has somehow managed to keep its small-town character, has a marvellous beach, so smooth and firm that it is almost as popular with motorists as with pedestrians. East of Portrush are caves and sands and rock fantasies carved out of the limestone cliffs, where you could comfortably lose all the people who are likely to get there.

But the beauty of this part of the coast lies in its tiny places, its hamlets with (if any) one or two hotels, queening it alone over the kind of beaches whose equivalents elsewhere would be lost under ordered regiments of beach huts

A winding road leads through the Glens of Antrim. This view is looking towards Waterfoot

and umbrellas: Downhill and Castlerock, for example, just west of Portstewart, and tiny Portbraddon near White Park Bay, farther east beyond the extraordinary geological mysteries of the Giant's Causeway. The latter is every bit as impressive as you expect it to be. Ballintoy is another tiny fishing village, where Atlantic rollers thunder against the rocks, or there is nearby Ballycastle, where the boat leaves for Rathlin Island in one of whose caves Robert Bruce learnt his lesson from the spider.

At this point there is, if you can find it, a remarkable lane (not marked on many maps) which will lead you via Torr and Loughan to the little resort of Cushendun. This lane is only for motorists with a head for heights, for its twisting narrow path rides high along an almost sheer coastline amid some truly remarkable scenery—not least remarkable for the sure-footedness of its sheep population grazing nonchalantly on some brink several hundred feet above a thunderous sea.

From Cushendun (both the unpretentious Bay and Glendun hotels are right on the shore) you join the main Glens of Antrim road through Cushendall and Glenarm for the final stages to Larne. Only four miles before Larne, the Gallygally Castle Hotel has a genuine castle atmosphere, complete with ghost; a fitting last port of call.

For further information: Northern Ireland Tourist Board, 13 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or 10 Royal Avenue, Belfast. *Means of access:* London-Belfast by BEA from £11 8s to £15 8s (tourist class only) return. Reduced " standby " fares are available. Services operated from other centres; also by Cambrian Airways, British United Airways, BKS Air Transport and Derby Airways. By rail/sea, via Heysham or Liverpool, from approx. £12 10s first-class return to £7 10s second-class return. Special mid-week reductions on second-class rail, and first- and second-class sea travel in summer. By Transport Ferry Service, Preston/Belfast or Larne, from £9 first-class return and from £6 second-class return, all meals included. Cars from £12 10s to £27 10s return, according to length.

NEW HOTELS IN EUROPE

Lake Balaton, the inland sea of Hungary, is gradually being developed as a vast riviera for holiday-makers. At Tihany, the Yacht Hotel has been specially built for foreign visitors. Extremely modern, with 138 rooms, it is situated right on the lakeside, with its own beach restaurant, car-park, and shops. All rooms are double-bedded, with private bathrooms.

A new Westbury Hotel has been opened in Brussels, a little larger it would seem than the one in London, having 250 bedrooms.

The new Hilton Hotel at Athens is now in full operation, with 480 rooms, six restaurants, five bars and two night clubs.

Just opened in St Helier, Jersey, is a new 102-bedroomed hotel, called the Hotel de la Plage. Sixty bedrooms have private bathrooms and 50 of these their own balconies. This luxury establishment is situated right on Havre des Pas, a favourite rendezvous for holiday-makers in St Helier. Built by the same hotel group which already runs six hotels in the island, the Hotel de la Plage will meet a very great need in the Channel Islands.

Almost completed is the Caleta Hotel, built most impressively on a rocky spur at the side of Catalan Bay, Gibraltar. When opened, and it should be this summer, this hotel will do much to relieve congestion on the Rock. At the moment there is far too much demand for far too little hotel accommodation.

So many new hotels are being erected at Torremolinos and Marbella that it is impossible to keep abreast of developments. It is doubtful whether many of them will be finished this summer, but quite a number will open with limited accommodation only. Anyone making arrangements independently at any hotel expected to be open at the beginning of the season, should check before departure that the place is actually open. Travel agents are now being very careful indeed about taking bookings for hotels which have not been completed. There have been some instances in the recent past where the hopes and claims of new hotel managements in Spain have not been realised.

A new night jet service to Malaga from London has been introduced by Iberia. Caravelles are used for the 2½-hour non-stop journey. The cost of a return flight is £42 10s.

W.D.C.C.

The Silent Valley in the Mountains of Mourne

One of the resorts on the northern coast is Ballycastle in Antrim. It has many amenities

FEUDING AND CHEATING *and this week's fiction*

418 **The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem** by Myrick Land: Hamish Hamilton. 21s, is an entertaining account of some famous writers and their feuds, beginning with the literary battle between Dr Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, in the course of which the great lexicographer and wit wrote that splendid passage: "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?" The famous exchanges between Dickens and Thackeray are naturally included as well as the *impasse* reached by the former friends Henry James and H. G. Wells who were, as Wells himself wrote, "by nature and training profoundly unsympathetic." One literary curiosity, half-forgotten now, was the stormy situation that existed between Shaw and the playwright Henry Arthur Jones.

Cheating at Cards by John Welcome: Faber. 25s, opens with the 1836 case of Lord de Ros who was accused of cheating at whist and closes with that of Pike v Beamish, in which two distinguished figures in the County of Cork were involved over further allegations of cheating. The *bonne bouche* of the book, however, is Mr Welcome's lawyerly account of the Baccarat Scandal, a house party misdemeanour which grew to national proportions. Amusing reading at this distance.

Arthur Symons by Roger Lhombreaud: Unicorn. 42s, is a critical biography of one who was himself both a critic and a biographer, as well as an editor, poet and most distinguished translator: "one of the most important interpreters of French literature in England." M. Lhombreaud's scholarly appreciation of Symons as man and writer has been undertaken in an academic spirit but also with a warmth which, he explains, grew on him as he discovered from his researches what a sympathetic and touching figure Symons was.

Against the American Grain by Dwight Macdonald: Gollancz. 30s, reveals, in a long series of essays, some of the effects of mass culture as seen by a man of letters. His book contains, in a section headed *Heroes/Victims*, acute writing on the subject of Mark Twain, Hemingway and Joyce, while under *Pretenders* he groups the work of such writers as James Gould Cozzens and Colin Wilson. There is a lively passage on the cult of what he calls Howtoism and an equally spirited chapter on the Book-of-the-Millenium Club. Good reading for the literary minded.

Final Verdict by Adela Rogers St John: Jonathan Cape. 25s, is a daughter's biography of her lawyer father and a fascinating one. Miss St John has for years been one of the best-known newspaper women in the world. Her father in his own day was a celebrated defence lawyer, handling sensational criminal cases and himself a flamboyant, high-living figure, recognised as easily as film stars are nowadays, and providing in his own life the material for many present-day detective story writers. This is a colourful even exciting book but on a deeper level it is an examination of legal procedure, almost legal morality of the times of the principal character.

The Desegregated Heart by Sarah Patton Boyle: Gollancz. 25s, tells the story of a crusade, one in which the author was a leading figure; which ended in at least a degree of success and which became a noble precedent in such matters. For the question was the acceptance of a Negro student by the University of Virginia, and the author was not only a white woman but one who was brought up in aristocratic traditions, lending all the strength of her convictions and her Christian faith to the very real battle that had to be fought. In many ways, this is a splendid book and I must add that it is eloquent and moving.

Mortal Passion by George Mikes: Andre Deutsch. 16s, shows this irrepressible writer attempting his first straight, though not too serious, novel. Mr Mikes's book is concerned with one Sam MacKay, born Makkai Samu in Hungary, and a man with modest ambitions who realises far more spectacular success than he had bargained for. Often funny but highly perceptive, too, and set in such cosmopolitan places as New York, London and Budapest.

Taxi! by Maurice Levinson: Secker and Warburg. 15s, really *is* the work of a taxi driver of 30 years' experience, writing about the subject he knows best and making a very good thing of it. His book is autobiographical, racy and authoritative, as much about passengers as drivers and it is not too hard to understand that his life's ambition is to stop driving taxis.

Before I Die by Helen McCloy: Gollancz. 15s, shows this highly talented writer at her very best and what more need be said than that? Superb twist at the end and excellent New York-cum-suburbia setting.

The Catfish Tangle by Charles Williams: Cassell. 15s, would be an admirable introduction to the work of this Florida-based, superbly competent writer of thrillers, if one were not already a staunch fan of his.

No Questions Asked by Forbes Rydell: Gollancz. 15s, the third thriller of the list, is up to the standard—an extremely high one—that the author has set already. American, fast-moving and concerned, not too painfully, with a psychotic mother.

Girl Found Dead by Michael Underwood: Macdonald. 12s 6d, is English, intelligent and less exciting than ingenious with some capably described police work.

The Deadly Joker by Nicholas Blake: Crime Club. 15s, has all the grace that one expects from this don among thriller writers and his best plot since *A Tangled Web*. **Vernon Fane**

CRIME IS ALWAYS WITH US

The Roots of Evil by Christopher Hibbert: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s. Law reform and prison reform have made sharp advances across the centuries; crime at the same time has kept up its steady gait, and between the lawlessness of the Middle Ages in Europe and the rackets and underworld activities of modern America the gulf is not great. Mr Hibbert's social history of crime and punishment is a scholarly piece of work. He knows, as we all do, that crime will always be with us, but he attempts to be constructive in his approach, emphasising that punishments should not be more severe but more certain, and that they be related to the individual criminal, so that if by any chance he is reformable then he should be reformed. This is a thoughtful book revealing worthwhile if limited objectives for a civilised society.

Portrait of a Jew by Albert Memmi: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. The author, born in 1920 in Tunis, a victim of forced labour camps during the Second World War, and now a teacher in France, has made a courageous attempt to assess his own life and problems against the background that he is a Jew. He has tried to show just what this circumstance has meant to him, assaying it coolly and calmly with the intention of adding his own awareness to his own self knowledge. It would be easy to dismiss such a book as being too introspective for anyone's good. It has clearly done the author a world of good to write it.

The story of the Victoria Cross by Brigadier Sir John Smyth, VC: Frederick Muller. 50s. The possessor of the most coveted of all awards for gallantry here records the history of the VC since it was instituted in 1856 and, incidentally, made retrospective to the Autumn of 1854 to cover the period of the Crimean War. With such richness of material Brigadier Smyth has, indeed, a difficult task, but he marshals the facts with skill, and, where so much is superlative, is restrained in his use of superlatives and, where supreme courage is in all cases the qualification, he does not find it necessary to remind the reader constantly of this essential ingredient. The author has been chairman of the Victoria Cross Association since its inception in 1956.

Dieppe: The Dawn of Decision by Jacques Mordal: Souvenir Press. 30s. The Dieppe raid in 1942 was a costly failure for Britain and a potent propaganda point for the Nazis. After that bloody battle and withdrawal on the French coast, with the invaders leaving 1,200 dead and double that number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy, the Germans could point out to their people the impregnability of the West Wall, the unlikelihood of a Second Front. Jacques Mordal vividly recreates the battle and outlines the political and strategical problems of 1942.

The Precarious Balance by Ludwig Dehio: Chatto and Windus. 30s. Repeatedly in the history of Europe coalitions have been called into being to save the continent from being subjected to a single will. In this political assessment Professor Dehio examines the politics of power from 1494 to 1945 with particular reference to the Spanish, French and German attempts at hegemony. The author, in declaring that his study deals with a structure that has now ceased to exist, devotes his final chapter to looking at the new global system, and here indeed emerges his real concern; for if the last struggle for supremacy in the old European style is over what takes its place may be infinitely more dangerous.

Trade Blocs and Common Markets by Sidney Dell: Constable. 25s. Since 1957 when six countries in Western Europe signed the Treaty of Rome there has been a rash of treaties and proposals for common markets all over the world, not least in Latin America, Africa, and South East Asia. This is a most timely volume, and an excellent guide through the economic maze. **Richard Edmonds**

The Making of Frederick the Great by Edith Simon: Cassell. 42s. Of the making of many books there is no end, and of certain historical figures, no study is regarded as definitive. If the archives are milked dry, there is always another interpretation or slant; and, of course, literary style and felicity are themselves justification. Quite rightly, Frederick the Great is one of these literary magnets, and the times he lived in are a subject research can never exhaust. Perhaps the times, in a new study, are more important than the man; certainly Frederick's maturity is more important than his brutal up-bringing in his father's lunatic asylum court.

Edith Simon has used her brilliant gifts to retell those earlier years and she promises a sequel which is likely to be more important. For it is possible to ask whether anything essential to the Truth of History, as regards Frederick's early years, here supplements what Macaulay and Carlyle in England and a dozen famous writers on the Continent have judged to be essential and all that needs to be told. The authoress's style, judgments, wit, clarity and careful documentation adorn a valuable book on which students of history will rely, as to a lesser degree will students of war.

The origins of British Monarchy: Saxon and Norman kings by Prof. Christopher Brooke: Batsford. 30s. What did they do, what like were they, the legion of kings who ruled in parts of Britain during the six centuries before the Norman Conquest? For that matter by what logic did they reach the throne until after the reign of Stephen? Christopher Brooke has produced a most interesting study, though I must confess that his scholarship is by no means "lightly worn" enough for my ignorance. But certainly it is a detective story of the most exciting if austere kind. There is nothing to tell us, save a few coins, what they looked like. Little save clerical records, no doubt biased, and a chronicle and poem or two in the vernacular, the Bayeux tapestry, the dug-up treasure caches and the spade and photographs of the archaeologist, to picture how they lived. For the most part they were illiterate. Alfred, perhaps, was exceptional. The hereditary system was forged in the reigns of the Conqueror's sons. The succession of females, the theory that a younger son born when his father was king took precedence over an elder brother born before his father wore the crown, the question of a minor, the overriding need for a strong and mature successor, all these matters were in the melting pot; and Rufus's New Forest mystery assumes a new and exciting importance in this immensely erudite piece of detection, illustrated with rare and little-known plates, which covers seven centuries. **John Gore**

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, edited by P. W. Montagu-Smith: Kelly's Directories Ltd., 12 gns, is the first issue of the social reference book, known as Debrett for short, to appear under the aegis of the new editor. In his preface Mr Montagu-Smith provides much useful information. For instance, Canada with seven resident peers holds the record number in a Commonwealth country, but when it comes to baronets, Canada's 20 takes second place to Australia's 23. There are three peers and 13 baronets resident in the United States.

There are a number of other articles. One which will be read with close attention by hostesses deals with possible changes in social precedence if some peerages are surrendered under the new House of Lords Bill. Surnames in Debrett is the subject of another article. But for a change in the family name, Sir Winston Churchill would have been Sir Winston Spencer and the Sitwells been known as the Hurts. **C.D.**

FIGARO IN LONDON

In Le Nozze di Figaro, at Covent Garden, Susanna (Mirella Freni) and Figaro (Geraint Evans)

Countess Almaviva (Ilva Ligabue) and the Count (Tito Gobbi). The new production is by Oscar Schuh

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **A. J. NICHOLAS**

Mr A. J. Nicholas was appointed Chairman of Aberdare Holdings Ltd. earlier this year. Equipment manufactured by the companies in the Group, which includes Aberdare Cables, South Wales Switchgear and many other companies at home and abroad, is installed in more than 50 countries. Born in Shropshire, Alfred J. Nicholas was educated at Wellington and gained his early electrical engineering experience with Metropolitan Vickers and Ferguson Pailin. During this period he became an Associate Member of the Manchester College of Technology and a Member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. He has been associated with the Aberdare Group for 21 years and was previously Deputy Chairman of Aberdare Holdings Ltd. Mr Nicholas has a wide reputation for his championing of the technological training of youth. His services in this field of industrial welfare are reflected in the offices he holds—Member of the Council of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire; Governor of the Welsh College of Advanced Technology; Member of the National Advisory Council for Education in Industry and Commerce; Past Chairman of the Commonwealth Technical Training Week Committee for Wales (and himself employs more than 500 apprentices in the Aberdare Group of Companies); Director of the Development Corporation for Wales; Past President of the Industrial Association of Wales and Monmouthshire; and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Tin Plate Workers alias Wire Workers. Mr Nicholas is married with one married son, who is himself a qualified engineer. His home is situated near the village of Machen in Monmouthshire and he is a keen supporter of many forms of sport in South Wales. His various hobbies include photography

PROTECTION AGAINST CRIME

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Two of Britain's growth industries in recent years have been crime and the prevention of crime; and though the second is not so readily measurable, one's first impression is that crime is in the lead. During the last ten years housebreakings and shopbreakings have trebled in number, and crimes of violence have risen nearly five times; organised theft, the kind of crime that mainly affects industry and commerce, is moreover nowadays much more liable to be accompanied by violence than it was before the war. For crime prevention in general, Britain spends about £140 million a year on the police. Business expenditure on prevention, in particular on private security measures to protect its own premises and staff, is tiny by comparison --but probably growing a lot faster.

"If you ask employers whether they worry about cash in transit," commented an official of one of the private security organisations, ecuricor, recently, "two in five are likely to ay 'It's all right, it's insured.' Two may say, 'We will worry about it if something happens,' nd only one is likely to have taken prudent easures for safety." There complains the rofessional. Yet during the last three years ecuricor alone has increased its armoured ehicle fleet to more than 300 specially equipped ans, operating from more than 90 branches. the same field, Security Express, formed by the security printers de la Rue and the American transport company Wells Fargo—which, as any youngster who enjoys Westerns will tell you, is used to carrying bullion—also operates a sizeable fleet. Gradually, though no doubt not fast enough, British business is waking up to the idea that protecting your payroll is worth spending a little money, rather than sending the cashier or an office-boy round to the bank.

Although police services all over the country, in recent years, have been appointing "crime prevention officers" to visit business premises and advise managements how to improve their security arrangements, there are limits to what police budgets can cover, and to the extent to which trained detectives can be diverted from other responsibilities to this work. The other traditional "protection," insurance, is of a different kind—though insurance companies, who would rather have their clients "average" than "under average" risks, go in for a good deal of advice about security themselves.

The insurance companies' attitude towards burglary is a rather special one, often misunderstood by their clients. If there were no burglaries at all, this section of their business would disappear. But if burglaries exceed what they have calculated—from experience, not from approval—is a reasonable average, then this kind of insurance business becomes steadily unprofitable. Their interest is in keeping the security of insured premises up to the average. Given that average degree of protection—and there are limits to what any of us can spend on turning our buildings into "fortresses or prisons"—then the amount of burglary that takes place will depend on the contemporary "pressure" of crime and the extent to which the community cares to invest in combating this directly. Insurance is the protection against the chance of misfortune that even careful householders—and businesses—cannot wholly preclude.

Although one or two companies such as Securicor have been in existence for more than 25 years, it is broadly true that up to the last war rather more reliance was placed by business on impersonal protection against burglary—safes and burglar alarms of one kind and another. That continues; such elements of protection are as vital as ever. But since the war there has been a considerable growth of dependence upon personal protection; forces of trained night guards and security officials, recruited mainly from ex-police officers or regular Servicemen, who are kept up to date with the whole range of new tricks and devices which criminals—untiring innovators—are steadily bringing into operation. Factoryguards Ltd., for example, has 500 security officers watching 700 factories and business premises. *(continued overleaf)*

Protecting the payroll is an increasing concern of business. Here, a valuable consignment is seen from plane to van by the staff of Security Express Ltd.

PROTECTION AGAINST CRIME

continued from page 421

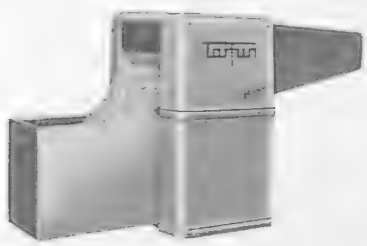
422 Night security depends largely upon contact between the night watchman—whether he happens to be a security guard from outside or one of the firm's retired employees—and some centre of vigilance. Systems by which the man on the premises telephones a "control" at prearranged intervals—so that the failure to make a call sets off an alarm procedure—are inherently more effective "fail-safe" devices in comparison for waiting for the watchman to give the alarm. (He may have been knocked on the head.) Contact can be kept by telephone, or mechanically; a series of timed alarms that will notify the control or the local police if they are not switched by the watchman's key at a given time. Where permanent surveillance is too expensive, mobile guards, visiting premises at irregular intervals during the night, can offer quite effective protection.

These security organisations, most of which began by specialising in one branch or another of business protection, are nowadays not only more diversified themselves but offer advice, as consultants, on other forms of protection. A company such as Security Consultants Ltd. has to include people who can advise clients about locks, safes, architecture, electrical and electronic alarm systems—even guard dogs.

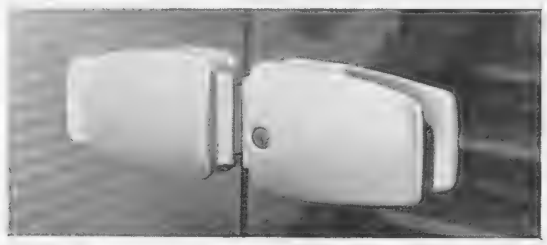
Safes—to the ordinary man the symbol of protection against theft—grow steadily more complex, as the burglar's versatility continues to develop. They need to withstand several kinds of attack at once. Specially hardened steel withstands a drill but is brittle and may be broken by a hammer; it needs sandwiching between layers of mild steel. Both those metals are susceptible to oxy-acetylene cutting; so one needs also to incorporate copper in the safe in the hope of conducting the heat away quickly from the point of contact with the flame and delaying its penetration. The really massive strongroom door can resist attack by explosives. But as firms such as Chubb or Yale and Towne will tell you, the most elaborate safe, like a simple lock, is simply the purchase of protection for a given amount of time. Given enough time, the master burglar would no doubt be able to open (or penetrate; there are cases of documents being inspected by X-ray) anything. The lock, simple or complex, delays him for as much time as you think should be necessary before the police arrive. More often than not a safe is linked to an alarm system, giving a signal at the police or the central station of a burglar alarm company. The detecting devices of these alarms have become further refined with the years. The photocell is one method frequently used; ultrasonic systems, which "bounce" a network of sound waves around a protected room, are another. Companies in this business, understandably, are readier to talk for publication about the theory of any system than about its operation in practice.

One element of "security" that ceases to concern burglars as such and is coming rather nearer to government security systems is the need for protection against industrial espionage. This is not taken very seriously in most British companies, unless they are working on secret development for the Government; but in the United States it is regarded as a very real object for concern. Fairly often, in any business, there are decisions or innovations that would be frustrated if one's competitors learned of them too quickly; and with the growing expenditure on industrial research, companies are likely to have at any one time a larger "stock" of data and potential developments of which a considerable part of the value depends upon their remaining secret. Scientists, by nature, are liable to be even less ready to be bothered with the idea of security than the rest of us; so the professional "internal security" man, as well as those protecting the business from the criminal outside, is becoming an increasingly familiar appointment in British industry.

In the operations centre of Securicor Ltd



The Typhoon Boss paper-shredding machine made by Halsby & Co Ltd



A special Yale double cylinder mortice lockset for Pilkington armour plate glass doors

From left to right, a mortice locking latch, for front doors; a locking window stop for sliding sash windows which allows for ventilation with security; and a metal window lock, all from Chubb's

A security officer from Factoryguards at an oil refinery inspects meters before a time call

The Securicor Organisation has 350 vehicles in the armoured division, each complete with crews trained in judo and methods of unarmed combat

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

There are signs—it would be imprudent to call them more—that the dull dark days of the past year or so (Birmingham Chamber of Commerce called 1962 a year "perhaps unusually beset with problems and difficulties" in its annual report) are being left behind. Anyone who has read about the rash of unofficial motor industry strikes knows that they have possibly prevented what would have been, almost certainly, an output record in May (this is, of course, still just possible). Commercial vehicles and tractors are doing well, not surprisingly, for this is a seasonal trade in Spring and early summer, and the lifting of purchase tax and credit restrictions has helped enormously.

Yet, although car production is well above that of 1962, and towards the end of the year is expected to be heading towards 1,400,000 against 1,250,000 last year, the real comparison must be with 1960, the all-time peak year. In the first four months of this year, output was still some 10,000 units below the January-April figure three years ago.

But this new buoyancy of the motor industry has sent ripples widely round the Midlands, into foundries, forging plants and metal pressing shops. The building and construction industries, recovering from the Big Freeze, are demanding more plant and equipment as they try to catch up on arrears and aim for new targets in house building and road construction. Behind them come the builders' merchants and the home furnishers, from pots and pans to carpets (though stocks built up during the winter will have to be run down before real benefits are felt). As new power lines swing across the countryside and existing ones are reinforced, additional work comes to centres making boilers, pipes, alternators and transformers—notably Birmingham, Stafford and Wolverhampton.

But the corner has been turned only by some industries. One heavy engineering concern said: "In the past two months our order intake has improved by 25 per cent. This has enabled us to move up output to 75 per cent. from the 60 per cent. mark round which it has been fluctuating for more than a year. We are still some way short of being at full capacity." A steel mill is also receiving more orders, "but no one seems to be ordering beyond immediate requirements, and our average length of run is still far below what it was—not very economic yet."

In general engineering the improvement—relative to 1962—has been slight but definite. Conditions are patchy in the machine tool industry, where short time is still being worked. In fact, optimism needs to be tempered with caution. There is still some way to go before pre-1962 levels are reached—and Neddy's 4 per cent. growth rate is farther off still.

Hosiery

Coming from such a convinced European, Sir Norman Kipping's suggestion to the British Hosiery and Knitwear Export Group at its annual meeting in Leicester recently that chain stores should set up in business on the Continent should have caused fewer raised eyebrows than it seems to have done. Sir Norman, who is director-general of the Federation of British Industries, was one of the leaders in the setting up of the European Free Trade Area; he told the meeting that a British manufacturer offering high-grade knitwear in France would find the French pleased to order 5,000 garments, selling in this country at around 30s, for sale at about double that price.

So far, however attractive the market in Europe for British knitwear, few have really tackled the problem. Earlier in the year the Export Group reported on Germany, potentially a good market for women's garments, but where exports dropped from £359,000 in 1956 to £138,000 in 1961. A fact-finding mission brought back a formidable list of complaints—prices too high, styling too conservative, shape unsuitable, trimmings poor and clumsy and, generally, an impression the opposite of chic.

Nevertheless, there are firms prepared to try really hard. One such is Fryma Fabrics, of Nottingham, makers of delicate knitted fabrics for more than 40 years. The company took a stand at the 13th International Trade Exhibition for Clothing and Furnishing Fabrics in Milan (June 4-9) twice as large as previous stands, and four garments were modelled in the fashion parades. Apart from fabrics, the stand also showed gloves, handbags and other accessories in gold and silver Lurex.

As I write, the results of this enterprise are not known—but if Sir Norman Kipping's suggestion is to be taken at all seriously this kind of thing needs to be widely repeated—and this will mean that many in the industry will have to change their outlook radically.

Pottery

Colonel Gilbert Howson, elected President of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation in succession to Mr J. C. H. (Jack) Halsall, is one of the best-known figures in the industry. His grandfather founded the family pottery of George Howson and Sons Ltd.; he has served it in many capacities as well as finding time to serve the industry as a whole. He was an original member of the industry's research association and serves on six committees.

Despite these commitments he devotes his energies and capacities also to his fellow men, as a Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire since 1952, as a director of Leek United Building Society, as chairman of Longsdon Parish Council and as a county magistrate. His deputy as vice-president is Mr Kenneth Wild, joint managing director of T. C. Wild and Sons, bone china manufacturers, and also, by coincidence, the grandson of the firm's founder. A keen sportsman, he is generally acknowledged to be among the most progressive executives in the industry.

PERISHABLE GOODS

by John Steel

424 To anyone who knows the St Gotthard main railway line in Switzerland and who has had to wait for an odd half-hour or so in the Spring or summertime at a junction like Bellinzona, the sight of train after train composed of refrigerated fruit or vegetable wagons travelling at high speed toward the north cannot fail to attract attention.

Where are these trains, which follow each other every eight to ten minutes, coming from, one wonders, and where are they going?

Throughout the year trains leave the south every night on their long journey to London via Dunkirk. In May comes a heavy inrush of Spanish and Italian potatoes and in the summer months the peak period of traffic is reached when Italy despatches her peaches and plums. France sends cherries from the Rhone Valley, asparagus and artichokes, and the Spanish railway system is loaded to capacity with trains carrying apricots, and choice grapes from Almeria. To ensure that these fruit expresses get a clear track to arrive at Dunkirk on time means first-class planning on the part of the French, Italian, Spanish and Swiss railway administrations.

The moment the trains arrive at the French port the vans are shunted on to the waiting train ferries which leave at regular intervals for Dover. There they are instantly re-marshalled and run again at express speeds to Hither Green, where they are received at the enormous depot the Southern Region built in South London just over two years ago to deal with this highly perishable form of traffic. As the Southern Region is electrified on the third-rail system, all trains from Dover are hauled by locomotives fitted with pantographs and the six principal reception sidings at the depot have been equipped with overhead traction wires to obviate any possibility of danger to employees.

Within three days of its departure from its country of origin the fruit and vegetables will be on sale in London and elsewhere in Britain. At the two peak periods the depot handles up to 8,000 tons a week or 125 wagons a day. In 1959 the Southern Region realised that their Southwark depot had become far too small and that a new depot must be built immediately.

The Hither Green depot is so laid out that there is a minimum amount of delay in unloading consignments and the Customs Authorities can work quickly and under ideal conditions. Normally 150 railway staff and ten customs officers work in the building and are able to handle approximately 200,000 tons of perishable import traffic every year.

The Continental freight depot of British Railways, Southern Region, at Hither Green in Kent

Trays of Spanish grapes are being unloaded into pallets at Hither Green

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CREDITS AFLOAT

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The Government's decision to provide low-cost finance for shipowners has been reasonably taken in the City as a favourable pointer for shipbuilding companies, for Britain's shipowners provide about 80 per cent. of the total orders for building yards. But some of this optimism may prove to have been excessive. For one thing, Britain's shipbuilders have already been badly hit by recession. Even if the new credit brought in orders quickly, many of Britain's shipbuilders would still be reporting lower profits and dividends for some time yet. The second reason for caution over the benefits of Government aid for the shipbuilders is that UK yards have also suffered from rising costs. Even if Whitehall will provide cheap credit, orders will not come to British yards if prices here are too high—and one major shipping line recently placed orders with European builders who offered lower prices.

Allowing for these qualifications, the outstanding shipbuilding group must be reckoned Swan Hunter, who are keeping their dividend at 10 per cent. despite a sharp slide in earnings. Their £1 ordinaries can now be bought for around 25s, giving an 8 per cent. yield—which reflects the City's estimates of uncertainties facing the industry. People who are impressed by the size of Government help (and there can now be no doubt that Whitehall are anxious to secure a revival in the industry) could consider one of the major engineering groups which also controls shipbuilding interests. One of these is Cammell Laird, the Liverpool group, who own some of the largest yards in the country, and who also have important interests in ship repairing plus a large stake in the English Steel group. Cammell Laird shares regained some of their former popularity after the recent better-than-expected results, but can still be bought for around 8s to yield a useful 6 per cent.

The other large engineering group with a major shipbuilding side is Vickers—who are also Cammell Laird's other partner in English Steel. Heavy engineering represents a large proportion of Vickers' total profits, especially since they have the controlling stake in English Steel and since their aircraft side is now represented by a

Stacked new potatoes from Mediterranean countries await despatch

In the right foreground is the entrance to the main delivery shed

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Extracts from the Statement of
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Capital Expenditure by our Group during 1962 amounted to £12,881,420 and during the seventeen years since the last war we have expended on capital account £87,359,887; during the same seventeen years we have provided out of profits £45,084,897 for depreciation and transferred £14,765,715 to Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve, a total of £59,850,612 which is equivalent to 68½ per cent. of the outlay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a tremendous building programme ahead of us in this country. Our three years expansion programme came to an end in April when our Dunbar Works went into full operation following the Westbury Works which was completed ahead of time and began operations last September. One programme may be completed but this was only a phase in the Company's expansion at home and your Board are already considering further increases in productive capacity to keep pace with the large volume of construction work that is expected to be carried out in the next decade.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am confident that your Company has a great future to look forward to. New products with great growth potentialities are being introduced whilst new processes are also being investigated. These will make a significant contribution towards the Group's trading results in the near future.

shareholding in the British Aircraft Corporation. Apart from the benefits of new low-cost credit terms, Vickers and Cammell Laird should gain from Government defence orders intended to raise employment among the shipbuilders—as shown in the recent Polaris submarine contracts. Vickers' shares price has revived since the City's re-appraisal of prospects for capital goods producers, but even around 30s offer more than a 6 per cent. yield.

But Government-backed cheap credit for buying ships should help the shipowners as well as the builders. Shipowners will be able to buy ships on relatively attractive terms—which means, among other things, that the break-even point for the ships' profits will be that much lower. For the big liner companies, cheaper credit terms can hardly make any striking difference to building plans. But among the medium-sized cargo operators, the gains from cheaper credit could prove large. Companies in this group include Royal Mail Lines, who have a large interest in trade between Britain and South America. Royal Mail recently made financial history by publishing their accounts without using the shipping companies' legal exemption—an exemption which the Jenkins Committee on company law suggested should be ended. This full balance sheet showed a moderate improvement in the trading surplus and disclosed that the group had received tax credits worth some £3,500,000. As £1 million of these credits will benefit the current year's results (through cutting the bank overdraft and therefore the interest charges against profits) and as the chairman took a cautiously optimistic view of prospects, shareholders can fairly expect that the worst of the shipping recession may now be behind them.

Easily the biggest shareholder in Royal Mail Lines is another shipping group, the Furness Withy concern, who own some £40 million worth of shipping assets along with large investments in shipping, insurance and allied trades. Of all these investments (not all in quoted companies) the 37 per cent. holding in Royal Mail is one of the biggest, now worth some £2 million on Furness Withy's £10 million issued ordinary capital. Investors thus have a choice between buying shares in Royal Mail, as an associate of Furness Withy, to yield about 5 per cent. Alternatively, they can invest in Furness Withy, with its own fleet, plus a Royal Mail investment and other interests.

A third group of companies which stand to gain from the Government's new credit to finance ship purchases are the suppliers of components for shipbuilding. Shipbuilding remains, to an important extent, an assembly industry. This means that the suppliers of assembly parts may gain nearly as much in terms of extra business as the final producers. One of these component suppliers is the Stone-Platt group, probably better known for their textile machinery, who recently bought the marine side of Manganese Bronze. Stone-Platt have been outstandingly successful in obtaining orders from the Eastern bloc, while the City was impressed by the latest set of group results. Stone-Platt shares can be bought at around 45s to yield some 7 per cent.; investors looking for a high-quality income share with well-diversified interests should find Stone-Platt a sound long-term purchase.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

On one of the rare pleasant evenings of this early summer I revisited the old Castle Hotel at Windsor. I found that this charming old coaching house has been rejuvenated by its owners. Many improvements have been made, but obviously great care has been taken to retain the character of the place, and I am happy to say that, to me, none of its charm has been lost. This, in spite of the fact that a completely new section has been built on, consisting of a whole wing of modern bedrooms each with its private bathroom. Also a new banqueting suite has been added to accommodate 250 people.

The entrance hall, and the adjoining lounge and Garter Bar are still in keeping with tradition. Here the decor has been refreshed, but remains fundamentally unchanged, resulting in a pleasant mellow effect which spells distinctive comfort and ease.

My only regret is the change in the dining-room, which has lost its former loftiness and minstrels' gallery. The general effect of the lower ceiling and modern furniture gives it a somewhat austere appearance. This, however, does not extend to the tone and quality of the service, which is still old-world, courteous, friendly and most efficient.

The entrance hall to the Castle Hotel, Windsor, a combination of old decor and new furnishings

A memorable dinner

My friends and I chose our dinner from the table d'hôte menu, which is reasonably priced at 15s for three courses, or 22s 6d for four, including two main ones. The Paté Maison was really "maison"—this is by no means the case everywhere today—of excellent flavour and just the right consistency. As we were rather hungry after our drive from London, we had some crispy Fried Scampi and Tartare Sauce next which was one of the choice of main courses, and followed this with another: Roast Loin of Spring Lamb. This was of the best quality meat, perfectly cooked and carved, served in ample helpings. The vegetables, so often a weakness of otherwise good kitchens, were faultless.

It is not surprising that we were able to resist the tempting list of puddings and savouries after such an ample meal, but we did manage to sample the cheese board which was above average. The overall conclusion we reached was that this dinner is first-class value for money, but the wine list which, as in other Trust House hotels, is almost incredibly low priced, amazed us.

First of all there are three wines offered by the glass at 2s 6d. We had a glass each of the "white" with our first two courses, and found it to be a very pleasant, almost dry, Graves. The bottle of 1955 Pontet Canet we ordered with our meat course cost 21s (!) and was in perfect condition. But this is not all. The wine-butler asked me if I would like to have the wine decanted. This surprised me so much that I hesitated with my answer and sought his advice, which was expert, polite and positive. After this I was not surprised any more when he performed the task with great skill. This is something of which the management of the Castle can be justly proud, for proper service of wines is so rare today, even in much more pretentious places. So I can heartily recommend this inn to all those who care about wine.

The bar at the Castle Hotel

The new dining-room, modern but austere

Wines from Portugal

Two wines imported to this country from Portugal for the first time were introduced at a tasting in London in the cellars of George Jones and Co. They were a slightly bubbly white and a rosé, both intended and most suitable for summer drinking. The first, obviously the more suitable of the two, to be enjoyed with fish and shellfish, is called "Gamba," which means shrimp in Portuguese. The rosé rejoices in the romantic name of "Trovador," which needs no translation, and, of course, is meant to be drunk right through the summer meal. Vinho Verdes have become more and more popular in this country, largely due to a strong advertising campaign. They come in pretty, round flask-shaped bottles, and no doubt the difficulty involved in shipping these and the attractive effervescence in the wines account for the relatively high cost. Gamba and Trovador retail at 14s a bottle.

At a tasting of Portuguese wines in London, a bottle of "Gamba" is shown to Senor Gouveia, Portuguese Consul-General, by Mr Jones, Managing Director of Geo. Jones & Co. (London) Ltd.

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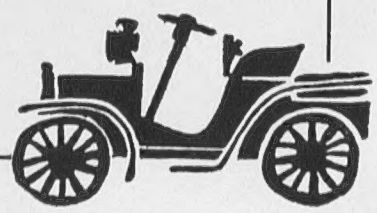

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FORMULA ONE RACING

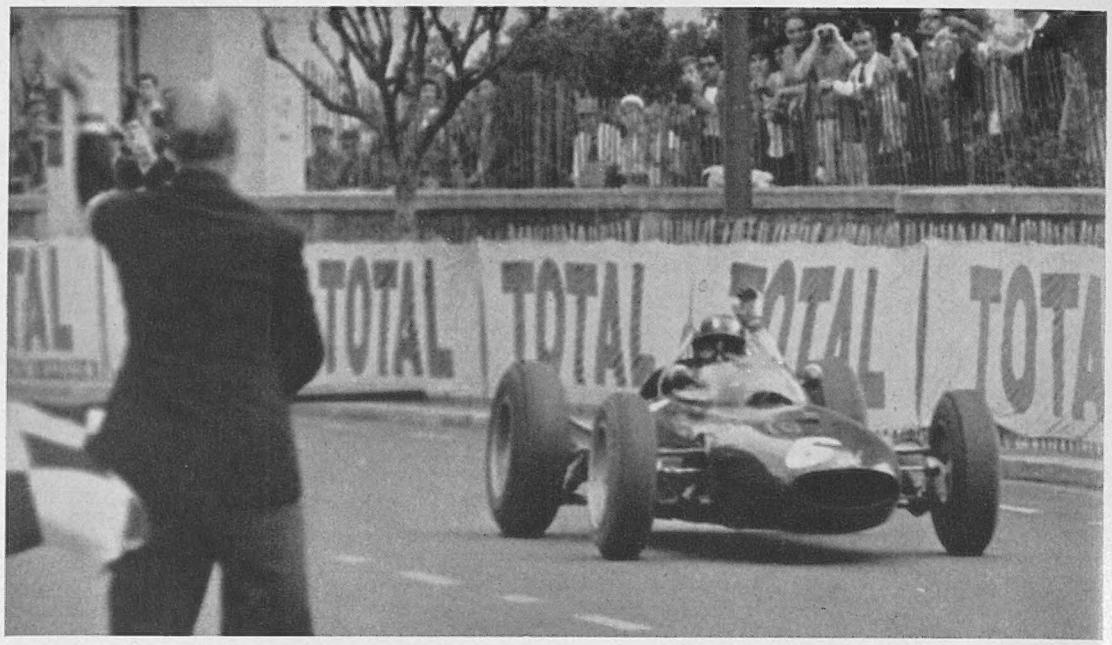
428 The *Vingt Quatre Heures du Mans* occupies the motor racing stage this weekend and this classic marathon for sports and *gran turismo* models captures for a short spell the interest which the enthusiasts are already steadily focusing on the world championship programme which had a spectacular send-off in the Monaco Grand Prix with a victory by world champion Graham Hill in a BRM.

Since then we have had the brilliant performance of Jim Clark in finishing second in a Ford-engined Lotus in the non-championship 500-miles race at Indianapolis and the second round of the world championship: the Belgian Grand Prix on the incredibly fast circuit at Francorchamps. Next Sunday the Dutch Grand Prix, amid the sand dunes of Zandvoort, will help to give a clearer indication of the way things are going this year; whether the foreign challenge to British supremacy in Formula One racing led by Italy's greatly improved Ferraris, is strong enough to enliven the Grand Prix programme in the way we would all like to see.

Meanwhile, a lot of animated discussion takes place, whenever and wherever motor racing fans foregather, about what is likely to happen when the present 1½-litre specification for Formula One racing expires at the end of 1964. This important question has already formed the subject of a special meeting at Monte Carlo—during the Monaco Grand Prix weekend—of the Commission Sportif Internationale, who wisely invited all the leading motor racing interests to give their views on the subject.

Among them were race organisers, drivers, circuit owners and representatives of the oil companies who spend hundreds of thousands of pounds on motor racing in the course of every year. During a frank exchange of opinion it emerged that the British racing car manufacturers favour a continuation of the present 1½-litre formula, while France—not unnaturally perhaps—would like to see a 1-litre formula. The drivers themselves would like to see the engine capacity increased to 2 litres partly on the grounds that a little more power would sort out the men from the boys and partly because it would help drivers to accelerate out of various kinds of trouble.

During the weekend of the Monaco Grand Prix an interesting new organisation was formed in Monte Carlo: The Club International des Anciens Pilotes des Grands Prix which has former world champion Juan Fangio as president-of-honour and Monogasque Louis Chiron as executive president. Veteran British drivers who attended the inaugural meeting included Raymond Mays, Rob Walker, Tom Wisdom and Leslie Brooke.



Graham Hill driving his BRM wins the first of this season's Grands Prix, at Monte Carlo

The façade of the new Mercedes-Benz showrooms

Cars boarding *Caledonian Princess* for Ireland

Mercedes-Benz

The new Mercedes-Benz showrooms in Park Lane, W1, are only 200 yards from the site of the German organisation's old Park Lane showroom opened 28 years ago in the presence of Rudy Carracciola, famous Mercedes racing driver, and team manager Alfred Neubauer. When the new premises were opened by Lord Brabazon, Chairman of Mercedes-Benz (Gt. Britain) Ltd., the showroom's centre of attraction was one of the Mercedes-Benz 230 SL convertibles announced at the Geneva Show. The new premises are shared with Mercedes-Benz, by the firm's London distributors: Normand (Mayfair) Ltd., who operate the nearby 1,100-car underground garage in Hyde Park, and who are using a large part of their multi-storey Cumberland Garage at Marble Arch for servicing and storage of replacement parts.

Veterans in the Midlands

For the opening of the Midland Motor Museum at Measham, Leicestershire, by Sir William Lyons, there was a fascinating rally of veteran and vintage cars, which paraded in the sunshine round and round the well-planned Museum building in the spacious grounds of the Southern Counties' car auction centre. To enter fully into the spirit of the event I journeyed to Measham in a convoy of three of the cars which took part in the parade and *concours d'elegance*. They comprised a 668 c.c. 1922 Peugeot two-seater and a 3,960 c.c. V8 1930 Lancia Dilambda owned by Mr Ronald Barker; and a 2,600 c.c. 1909 Austin Landaulette belonging to Mr Maurice Smith. I rode in both the Peugeot and the Austin at different times during the journey and Barker was kind enough to let me drive his Lancia: an enormous, but very beautiful cabriolet de ville, which was one of the first models styled by Pininfarina as an independent coachbuilder.

The Lancia, lustrously painted in the right shade of dark blue, has been meticulously restored by Ronald Barker, who demonstrated with pride that although the Dilambda has four gears it will do almost anything in top—including starting from rest!

Briefly.... If you are taking your car to Northern Ireland this summer I would like to remind you of the existence of the excellent car ferry facilities offered by the Caledonian Steam Packet Company with their *Caledonian Princess*, one of Britain's newest car ferries, which has been in service for only 18 months. Last year she carried 35,394 cars between Stranraer and Larne. The journey takes only 2¼ hours, for this is the shortest sea route—as well as being one of the oldest—between Britain and Ireland. The well-appointed twin-screw *Caledonian Princess* has room for 103 cars which are driven on and off. It costs from £4 in each direction for cars with an overall length not exceeding 10½ ft. to £10 up to 16½ ft. with £1 for every foot in excess of that figure. There is room in the *Caledonian Princess* for 1,400 passengers who have a choice of second-class berths at 6s each, or first-class de luxe cabins at 32s 6d.

For motorists planning a touring holiday on the other side of the Channel, Holt Products Ltd., of New Addington, Surrey, have put on the market an Anti-dazzle Liquid for painting headlamps a pale yellow. It is a plastic varnish which dries in a few minutes and which can be just as easily removed with a petrol-soaked rag. Anti-dazzle Liquid is marketed in a 3s 6d pack.

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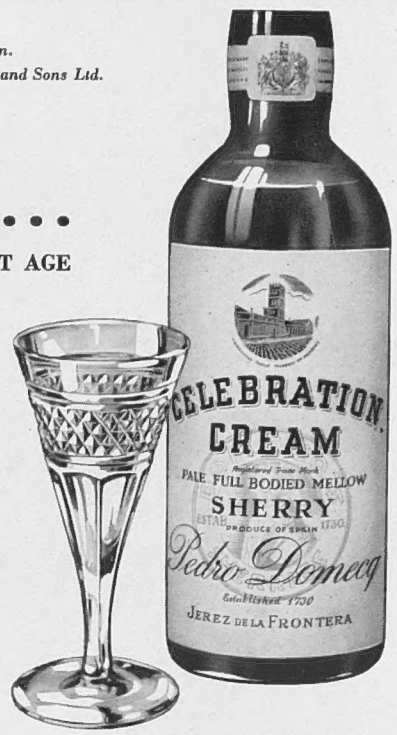

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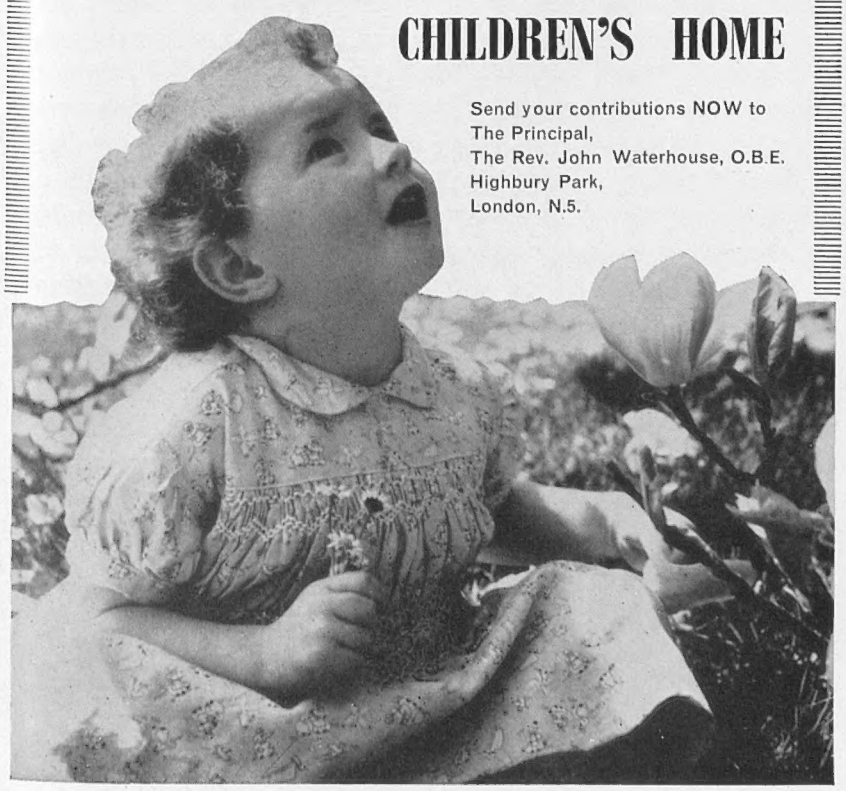

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TRADITION IN SCHWEPPSHIRE

4. LOVE OF COSINESS

If there is one thing we like more than another, one thing most typically Schweppish, it is the love of cosiness. Cosy gardens, cosy farmyards with cosy mud, smokey old fireplaces, offices full of cosy old dust.

Important sub-ingredients of cosiness are (1) homeyness, and (2) things not being too new if you can help it. Telephone kiosks must be a shade too small, and we provide them with thatched tops. We are experimenting with old Park benches in electric lifts, little old hand horns on the limousine, and automatic clothes driers which can be hung on old clothes lines in summer. Top rooms of country cottages must have oak beams, though by a press-button arrangement these can be retracted. Inconveniences are provided with our Mod-Con: a section of our M.1 has been given crazy paving. We have a transistor set built to look like a warming pan, and old awkward trees for re-planting in the middle of croquet lawns.

With the tendency to be cosy goes a liking for being crammed up pretty close together. Trains and tubes which take us to work are squashed up small and we are squashed up smaller inside them. We like to live rammed together, but skyscraper flats are not really cosy; so we are revealing today for the first time our New Model Personalised Coziettes congregated in "Welcome Home" blocks to combine individuality with the feeling of being condensed. For our holidays we can crowd ourselves together in places where everybody else is queuing up in order to do the same thing, thereby ensuring that those points of our country which we admire because they are lonely and beautiful, can just keep on being more lonely and therefore more beautiful than ever.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH